

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

DECEMBER 1973 • \$1.50

PLAYBOY

"STOP YOUR
MOONING, FELLAS.
OUR GALA CHRISTMAS
ISSUE IS HERE—
AND IT'S SWELL!"



THE ART OF THE PINUP REVISITED • HOLIDAY FICTION BY TENNESSEE WILLIAMS, V. S. PRITCHETT, FREDERIC MORTON, GÜNTER GRASS, ROGER PRICE • DAN GREENBURG AND JOHN GREGORY DUNNE LOOK AT THE UNDERSIDE OF LAS VEGAS • ALAN WATTS REVEALS THE WORLD'S MOST DANGEROUS BOOK • D. KEITH MANO DIGS INTO THE DISNEY EMPIRE TWELVE PAGES ON SEX STARS OF 1973 • ORGANIZED CRIME ENJOYS THE DEPRESSION SHEL SILVERSTEIN MEETS MOTHER GOOSE • THE RETURN OF BARBI BENTON • ARNOLD ROTH'S HISTORY OF SEX • AND MUCH, MUCH MORE—AFTER ALL, IT IS CHRISTMAS!

The 8:40 a.m. Grand Prix.

This is one automobile event just about everybody participates in.

The course runs several tortuous miles from home to work. It's an obstacle course. Filled with practically everybody else in town also scrambling to get to work by 9.

But just as Monaco has its Formula 1 car, there is also a specially built car for your 8:40 a.m. Grand Prix.

The Honda Civic™

The Honda has everything you need to fight the freeways. Front wheel drive, rack-and-pinion steering, front disc brakes, four wheel independent suspension, and a peppy overhead cam engine that gets up to 30 miles to a gallon of regular.

April Road Test Magazine said it all: "Now...there is a new commuter car on the market; one which is large enough to be fairly comfortable, small enough to maneuver through rush hour traffic, gutsy enough to cruise at freeway speeds, and economical enough to operate all week on one tank of gas.

This amazing little vehicle is the Honda Civic."

"Clearly the automobile has

it all; it provides the most immediately viable solution to our traffic problems and does this with comfort, performance, economy, and low price. For center city commuters, Honda Civic is the car of the future. And it's here now."

Well, it's 5 p.m., and we're off and running again.

Gentlemen, start your engines.

The New Honda Civic

It will get you where you're going.



Quad... Before you buy demand these answers.

If you've been reading the ads on quadraphonic, you're probably aware that most manufacturers claim 'total capability' for their receivers. However, total capability means different things to each manufacturer.

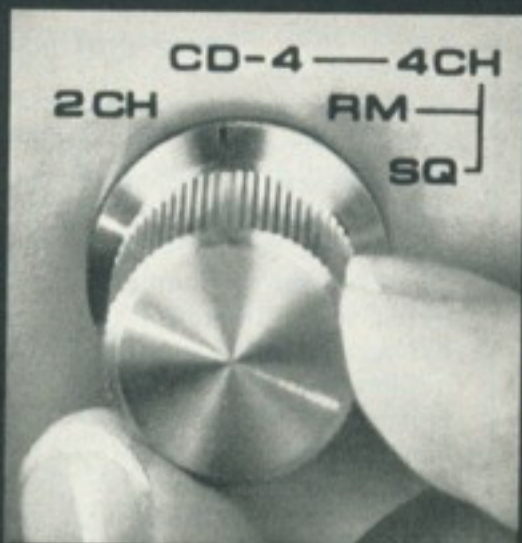
How, then, you may ask, can you be certain you're actually getting total quadraphonic capability. Simple. Before you buy demand these answers.

1. Does this quad receiver have *built-in* circuitry to play CD-4 discrete records from Warner, Atlantic, Elektra and RCA?

2. Does this quad receiver play Columbia, Capitol, Epic and Vanguard SQ matrix four-channel records?

3. Does this quad receiver play the RM matrix records of A&M and Ode?

4. Does this quad receiver play



two-channel stereo records, tapes and FM flawlessly, with boosted power from its quadraphonic limits?

If the answer you receive isn't a resounding "yes" to all these

questions — then you're not talking to a Pioneer dealer.

Pioneer is the only full line of quadraphonic receivers that reproduces every four-channel program source (CD-4, SQ, RM, discrete) and every record label — without adaptors, add-on decoders or demodulators.

QX-949 — \$699.95; QX-747 — \$599.95; QX-646 — \$499.95. Prices include walnut cabinets.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp., 178 Commerce Road, Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072

West: 13300 S. Estrella, Los Angeles 90248 / Midwest: 1500 Greenleaf, Elk Grove Village, Ill. 60007 /

Canada: S. H. Parker Co.

PIONEER
when you want something better





There they sat. Like a bomb waiting to go off.

20 of the world's fastest Porsches, McLarens and Lolas ever to meet on the same track.

The Can-Am challenge race at Mosport.

Eighty times around a 2½-mile track of frightening turns and straightaways that would see speeds in excess of 200 mph.

But, right now, the most powerful car on the course was a bright

yellow mid-engine Porsche 914. The car that would pace this race for one lap.

Which was fitting. The 914 was designed by the same engineers who designed and built the mid-

Porsche

The

engine Porsche 917s that were racing that day. They gave it a 2.0-

liter engine, 5-speed gear-

box, rack-and-pinion steering, and fantastic mid-engine balance.

It is, as Mosport puts it, "the ideal pace car."

"It's quick enough to keep out in front of those big Can-Am cars. And it's probably the best looking pace car we've ever had."

So for one lap, that's how it went. 20 big racing Porsches, McLarens and Lolas, led by one Porsche 914.



"But I told you, Miss Crowski lives next door."

Liat



pinups

living dolls re-create a unique art form spawned when the world was less complex and its pleasures more ingenuous



PINUPS, contrary to popular belief, have been hanging around since long before the first staple was removed from the navel of a Playmate of the Month. They came into their own during World War Two, when glossy photos of Betty Grable and Veronica Lake, of recent and revered memory, adorned footlockers and Flying Fortresses. But the golden age of cheesecake was the Thirties, when the pinup girl was still, for the most part, a figment of *artists'* imaginations. In magazine foldouts (notably *Esquire's*), on calendars, on the covers of such racy periodicals as *Spicy Stories* and *College Humor*, the classic pinup was created by George Petty (whose "long-stemmed American beauties" frequently caressed a white telephone), Earl Moran, Fritz Willis, Gil Elvgren and Alberto Vargas. Vargas' monthly contribution to our own pages keeps the tradition alive, but PLAYBOY's preference has always been—to paraphrase the old song—less for paper dollies than for real live girls. Acting on the theory that even such fantasies can become reality, Associate Art Director Kerig Pope and Staff Photographer Bill Arsenault swore that they, and their models, could bring those painted pinups of yesteryear alluringly to life in a gallery of photographs. We didn't believe them. We were—quite obviously—wrong.



"READY
TO SPEND
A GOOD NIGHT"



"WHAT A LINE-UP"



**"IT'S THE SHADOW...
AND HE KNOWS"**

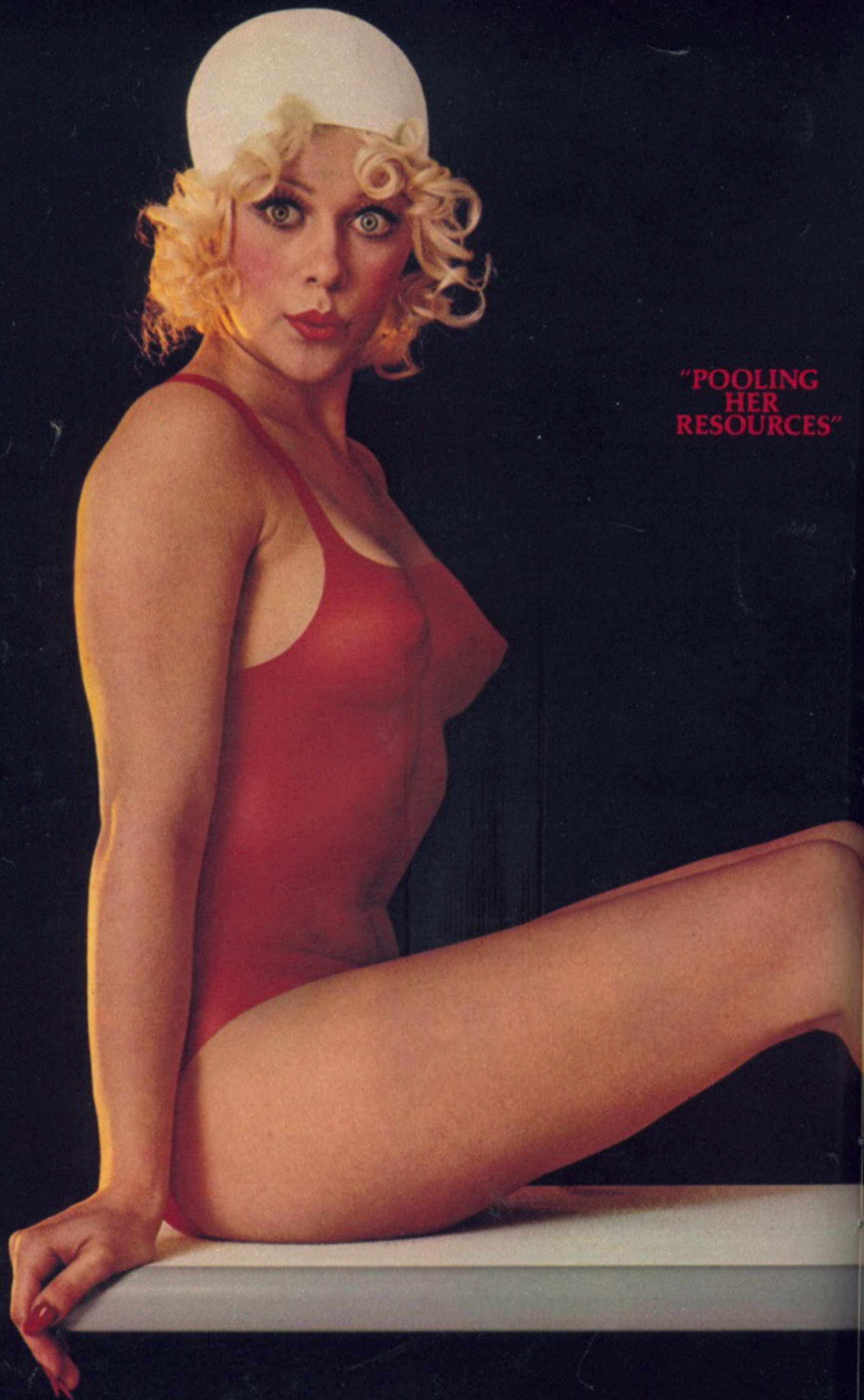




"BUMPER CROP"

**"WAITING FOR
A STEAMER"**





"POOLING
HER
RESOURCES"



"FIT TO BE TARRED"



"CHERRY DELIGHT"





**"BELLE
OF THE
BALLS"**



BARBI'S BACK!

*the busy miss benton stars
in a triumphant return engagement*



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI











What interests us about this picture is Barbi.
What interests Barbi about this picture is the
needlepoint pillows—some of literally scores
she's stitched, many her original designs.

IS THE SUPREME COURT SOFT ON PORNOGRAPHY?

WE DARE NOT—and certainly wouldn't care to—use *all* the language in the Supreme Court's most recent decisions on obscenity, but this much is clear:

- That community standards will determine whether any work, taken as a whole, appeals to p*****t interests.
- That the depiction of se**al acts must have serious literary, artistic, political or scientific value.
- That descriptions of ultimate se**al acts, normal or per*****ed, simulated or suburban; or mast*****on; or excr*****ry functions; or lewd exhibition of g*nit*l* must not be presented in a patently offensive way.

So far so good. But...



WHAT ABOUT H*T D*GS?

LIKE MANY well-intentioned Americans, you may feel that the recent Supreme Court decisions on obscenity were a *crackdown* on hard-core pornography. But we here at PLAYBOY, where chastity has long been a primary concern, aren't so easily misled. It's obvious that the decisions are merely a more insidious way of encouraging other, new forms of filth to flourish. Nine monkeys with enough gavels could have come up with the same decisions. Surprised? Perhaps you shouldn't be. What else would you expect from nine old men who do odd things behind closed doors and dress up in floor-length gowns to satisfy their craven desires? The time has clearly come to check the power of our lust-crazed judiciary and alert the American public to the holocaust of hanky-panky yet to come.

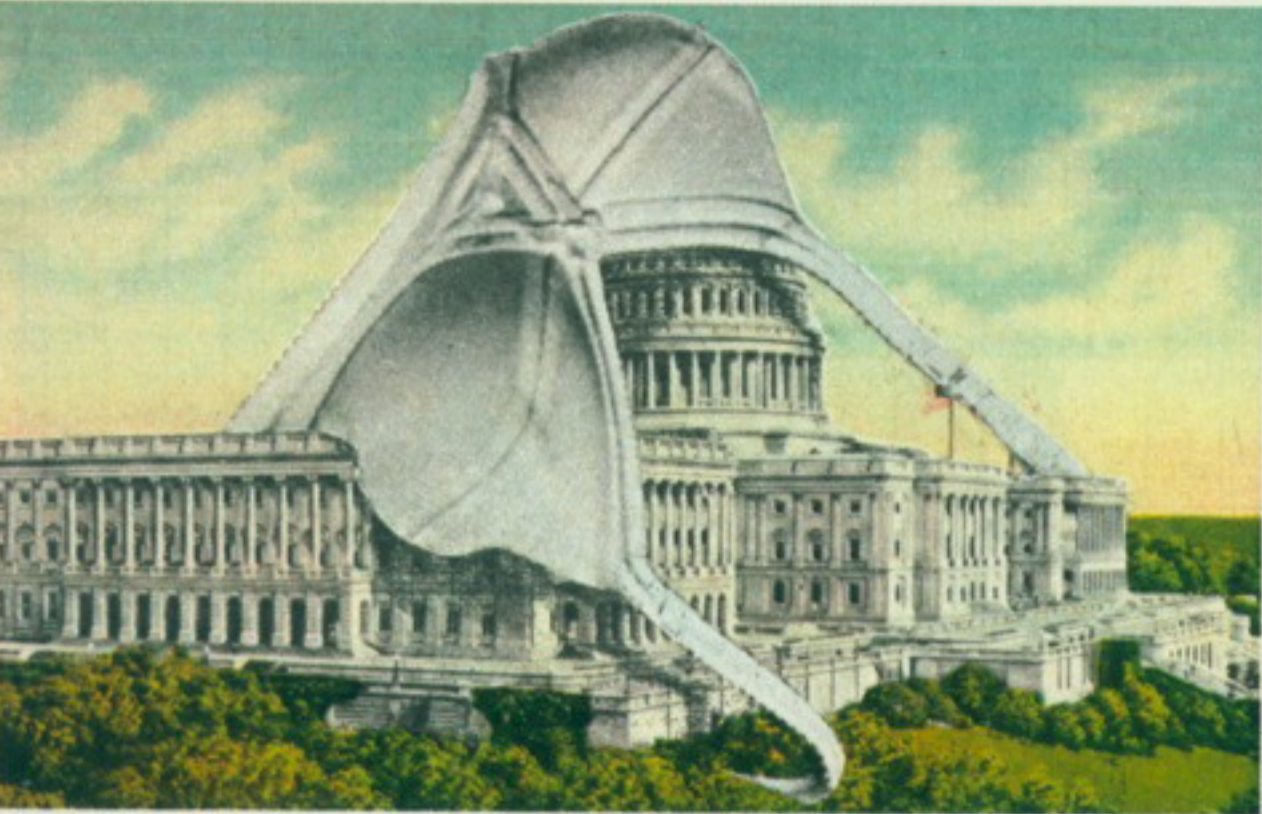


... for Scotland's Whiteley Company, producer of King's Ransom and House of Lords Scotch; and by the mid-Thirties, Costello and Kastel bought a controlling interest in J. G. Turney and Son, Ltd., the British holding company for Whiteley. Torrio took control of Prendergast and Davies Company, Ltd., another major Scotch importer and wholesaler, and among those fronting for him in that company was Herbert Heller. Rosen

... sent
... GN AS
... NEW YORK. . . .
... and before anyone
happened, he was
with his showgirl
... and ... later,
... es and
... New

... the
wei
who was Cit
Sam Tucker,
Cleveland; Pete
nis; Longy Zwi
A
Mr
F

Clearly, the Court needs help. Obscenity lurks everywhere. As responsible and right-thinking citizens, we've devised practical solutions to stem the tide, beginning with . . .



. . . our precious national heritage. The Capitol's pert, melon-firm dome has long concerned us, so we've done the only decent thing: awarded a contract to Maidenform.



Sadly, no laws can prevent Old Faithful's regular lurid display, but we have at least had it fitted with a chic lambskin tarpaulin, with a beautiful thin reservoir tip.



Washington Monument's frank appearance is a disgrace—so we've fixed that.



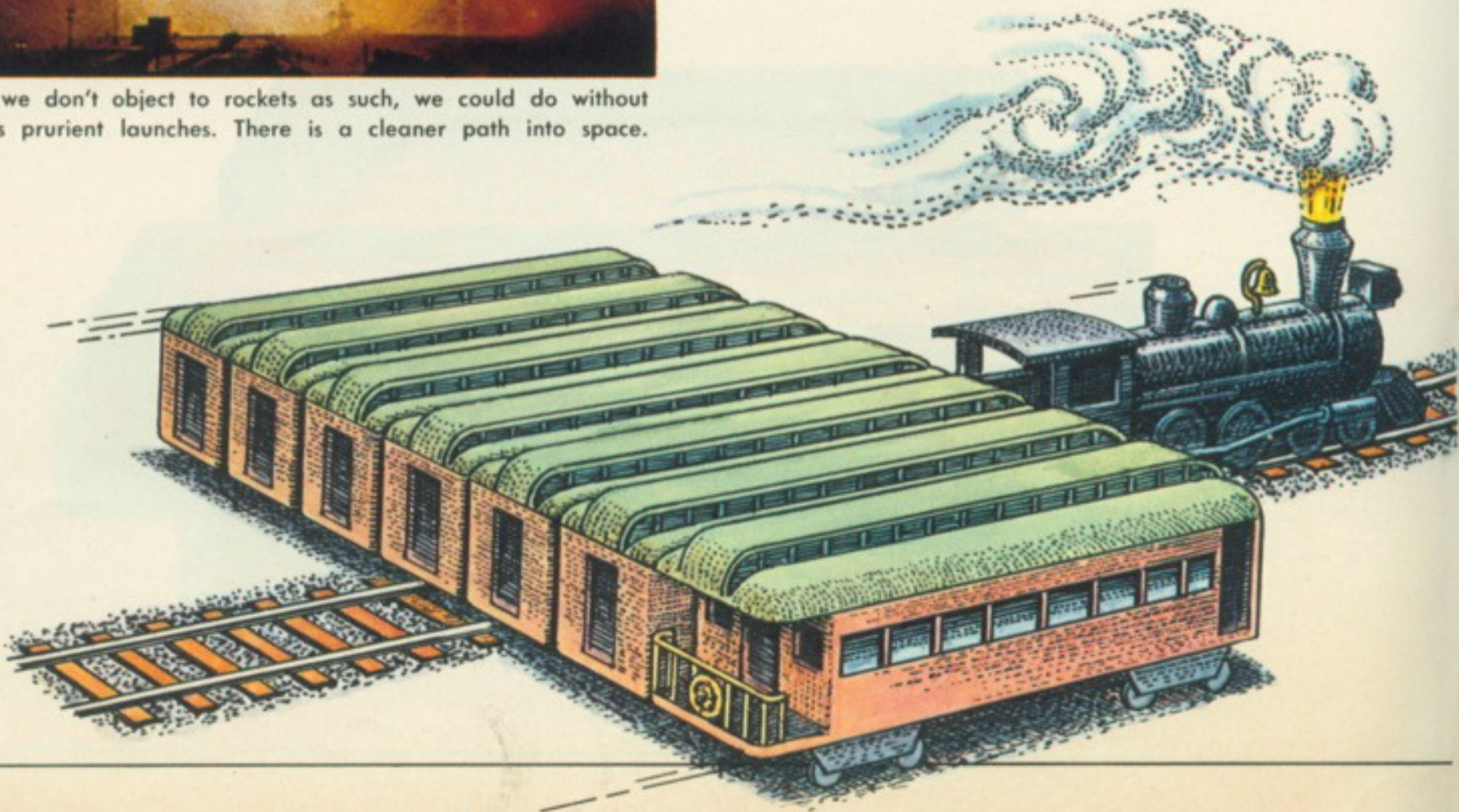


The sight of our boys jerking up Old Glory at Iwo Jima has sent spasms of concupiscence, not patriotism, through otherwise decent people. Changes are clearly needed in this critical area.



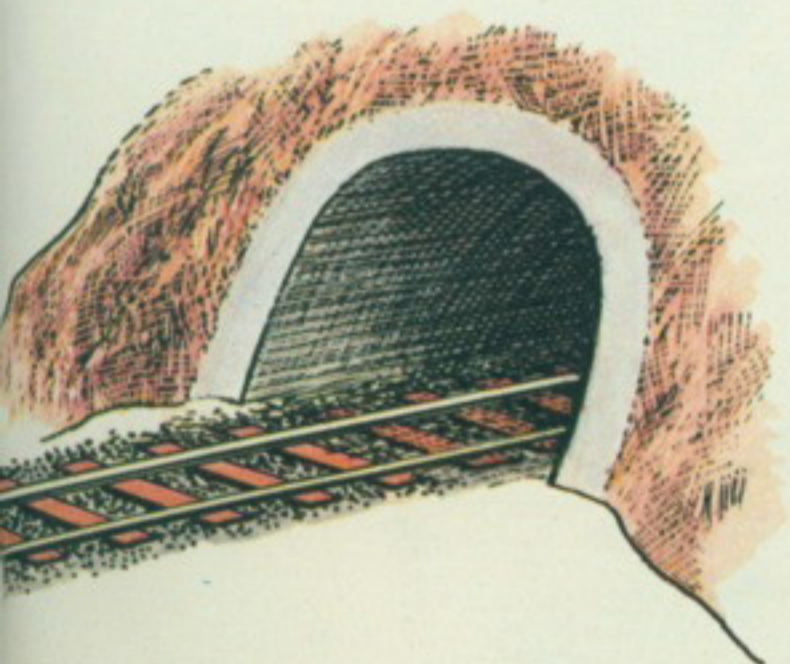
While we don't object to rockets as such, we could do without NASA's prurient launches. There is a cleaner path into space.

Decent Americans would not believe the shameful places Coke bottles have been deposited, then quickly returned.



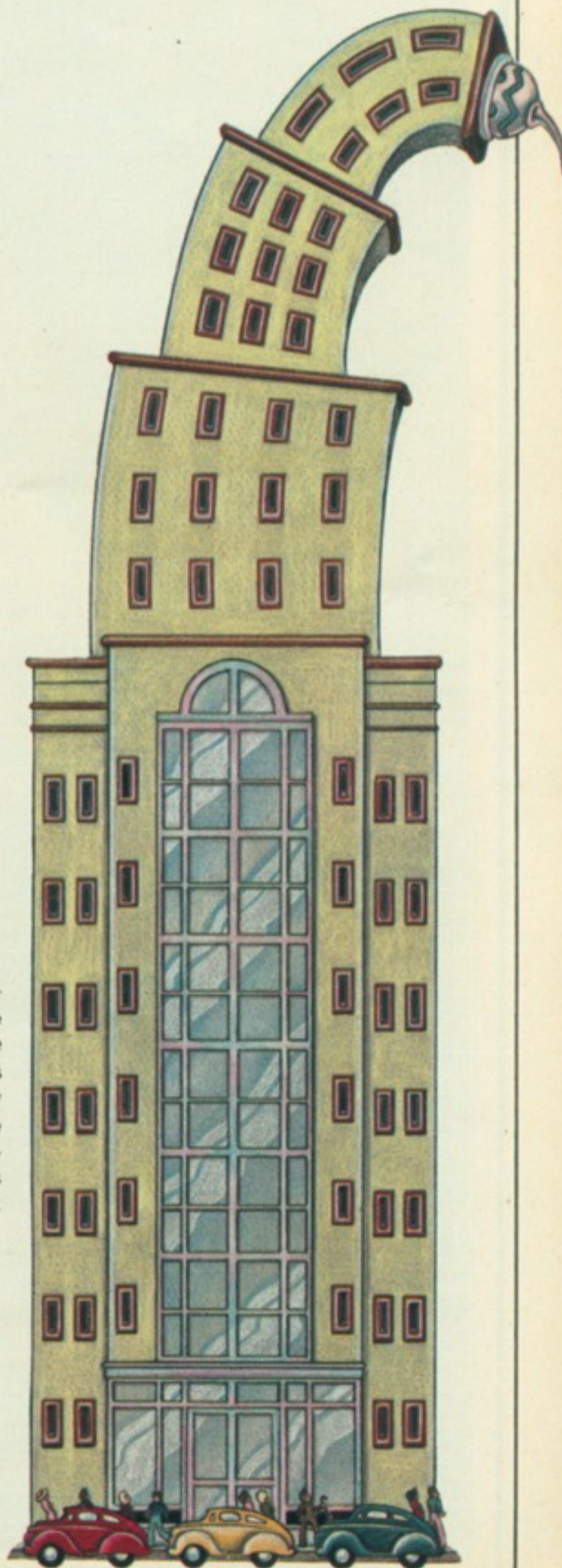


Certainly, we at PLAYBOY intend to practice what we preach. Our salacious Times Square Playmate (top) will be corrected to comply with local guidelines. In the second gatefold, skilled PLAYBOY artisans have used sophisticated techniques to erase objectionable areas for PLAYBOY's Cleveland edition. For the third Playmate, well-to-do physicians have surgically removed all erogenous zones to meet Orange County's enlightened obscenity requirements. Finally, celibate blacksmiths help us meet local standards in God's Wrath, Georgia.



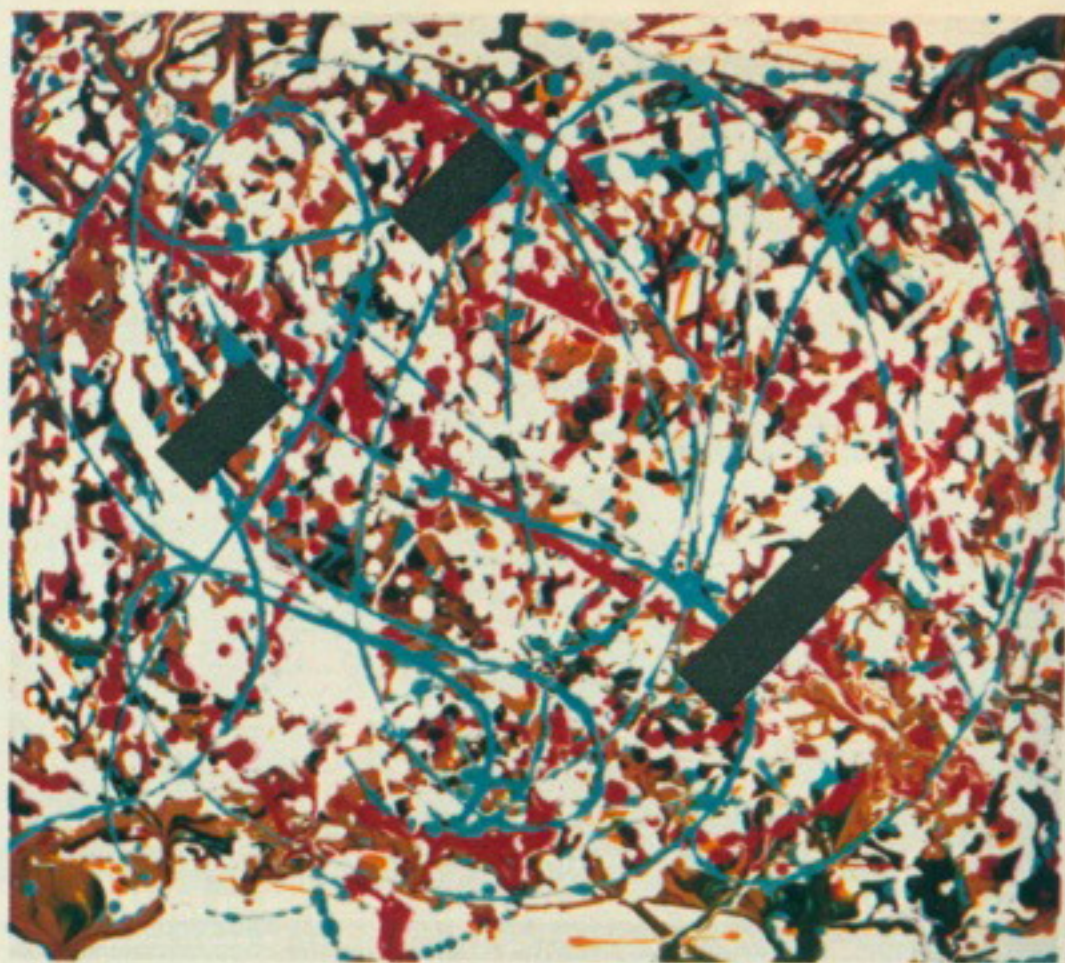
The arts have been flooded too long with the disgusting symbolism of throbbing trains plunging headlong into moist, quivering tunnels. We have one answer, but, admittedly, we haven't worked out all the bugs.

Lewd, provocative skyscrapers, of course, are epidemic. The damage they've already done is irreversible, but a few sensible changes in the building codes can reverse the thrust of today's naughty architecture.

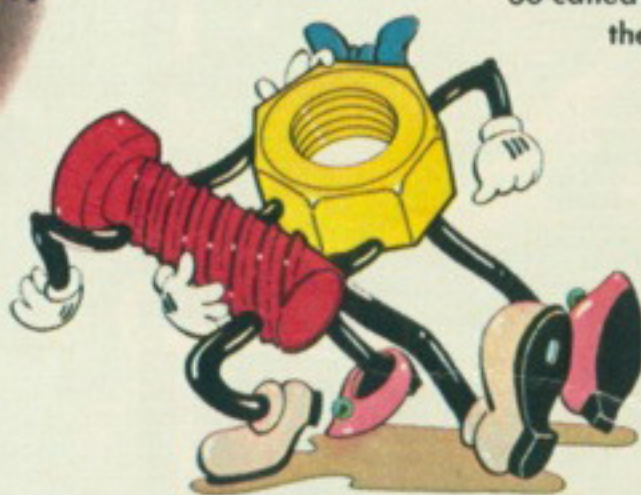




Fixtures in public washrooms can cause even normal males to experience temporary insanity and expose their most private parts. Shutting down these dens of exhibitionism has become a full-time job. Traditional graffiti will not be tolerated.



So-called contemporary art is actually obscenity of the most insidious sort: No matter what they say, filth, even in the abstract, is still filth.



Nuts and bolts are beyond redemption.

(Opposite) The over-all problem remains, however, and drastic measures are obviously required to permanently safeguard our beloved wives, children and livestock. Our solution may not wipe out pornography completely, but there probably won't be any local standards for a while, anyway. . .



And does our Christian trademark represent the sort of father-son relationship we care to encourage? Also, we have long felt that something should be done about the shocking state of Florida.







FACTORY TESTED

*don't tell christine
maddox that modeling
isn't easy; she used to
work on an assembly line*

IT'S NO SECRET that California harbors a wide spectrum of realities—and no two could be more different than those of Long Beach, the Los Angeles suburb where Christine Maddox now lives, and of Tracy, a little town about 20 minutes' drive from Stockton where she was born 23 years ago. According to Christine it has "a high school, one theater and one bowling alley." It also has a number of factories. Her father works in one of them; he's a watchman for a paper company. Christine herself worked for a while in a factory, checking paint jobs on



adding machines and TV sets; she also did some knob attaching and hot stamping ("putting little silver things on top of little plastic things"). It wasn't exactly her life's calling. So, in spite of the fact that she loves Northern California ("You're so close to the lakes and mountains, not to mention the snow in winter"), she made her way south to Los Angeles. She considers the city overpopulated, and it

With the holiday season approaching, Christine does some gift shopping in San Pedro for her guy, Tim, who's a sailor home on leave.





was a little "spooky" at first: "Back home, everybody knew everybody else. But here, I'd smile at people and they wouldn't smile back. Eventually, I got used to it." Christine may have been aided in making that adjustment by the fact that she comes from a large family. It didn't hurt, either, that modeling jobs—for furniture-store ads and things like that—began to materialize without much delay. She's also had a number of offers to act; but so far she's turned them all down because she feels acting would be "too time-consuming." Christine still sees her relatives fairly often—her brother lives in nearby Hawthorne—but home is now her Long Beach apartment, and when



Christine, who'll try "almost anything," is fond of motorcycle dirt riding. She also digs bicycles, but somebody recently took her ten-speed from in front of the house: "I left it unlocked for all of five minutes!"



Our Playmate takes a spill—and has to get a little first aid for her bruises. It reminds her of the time she was cycling on the Pacific Coast Highway, wearing a short blouse that inspired a motorist to ogle her—and bump into a van. No serious damage—then or now.





Christine and Tim manage to get together at her Long Beach apartment for an early unwrapping of Christmas gifts, but later she has to bid him goodbye; she'll be spending the holidays with her folks in Tracy; he'll be somewhere at sea on a nuclear-powered destroyer.



she's not posing for photographers, she busies herself in classic California style—swimming and water-skiing, riding a motorcycle or cruising around in the '64 Dodge that she keeps threatening to fix up. **Last year**, she widened her horizons with a nine-day junket to Hong Kong and she was thoroughly entranced by the unfamiliar sights, sounds and smells of the Orient. Christine also makes frequent excursions to Disneyland, where her visits haven't been without incident: "Once Porky Pig was picking out girls to dance with during a show, and when he picked me, I was so embarrassed I started running through the crowd—with the Big Bad Wolf chasing me. Next time I'll know what they're up to in advance and I'll sneak away before they notice me." Which indicates that Miss December is still a modest, small-town girl at heart. We wouldn't have it any other way.



Her dad cuts the turkey at a family holiday get-together. Actually, it's a feast whenever they gather, since the clan makes up a sizable part of Tracy's population: Christine has four sisters and a brother; the oldest and youngest siblings are almost 30 years apart. Christine—who says she loves kids—also has no fewer than eight nieces and nephews. Below: Making like a prospector, Christine pans for gold while visiting a ghost town in the California hinterland. But if any nuggets eluded the 49ers, they don't seem to be biting today.



Far from the city and its aggravations, Christine—always at home outdoors—enjoys a few reflective moments in the company of rocks, water and logs. Los Angeles may have taught her a few things, but it hasn't spoiled her. She's unpretentious and relaxed—and we have a hunch she'll stay that way.



MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A man grew desperate at being dragged along by his wife on Saturday clothes-buying expeditions to carry the packages and watch her purse. During one such excursion, she elbowed her way into the crowd at a lingerie-sale counter, held up a pair of flimsy panties and asked her husband quite audibly if he liked them. "I certainly do, darling," he said brightly, "but I don't think your husband would approve of them at all!"

The following Saturday he got to stay home and watch basketball.



B.Y.O.B. has been variously interpreted as meaning Bring Your Own Bottle or Bring Your Own Blonde. Some strapped barbecue enthusiasts are now using it to indicate Bring Your Own Beef.

When the surgeon came to see her on the morning after her operation, the young woman asked him somewhat hesitantly how long it would be before she could resume her sex life. "I really haven't thought about it," gulped the stunned surgeon. "You're the first patient who's asked me that after a tonsillectomy!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vampire in drag* as a Transylvestite.

The bride smiled sweetly at her maid of honor when they both happened to hear the groom say to his best man, "Look, I'm so positive Ann's a virgin that I'll give you odds of ten to one."

But later, as the newlyweds drove off from the reception, Ann screeched, "How could you *do* such a thing? We've only been married a couple of hours, and already you're throwing money away!"

An Irishman from Belfast immigrated to the United States and promptly went to an employment agency. "Oh, so you're from Northern Ireland," commented the interviewer. "Tell me, what are things really like there?"

"They could be worse," the immigrant noted laconically.

"And what was your last job in Belfast?"

"Tail gunner on a bread truck."

Why, that was out-and-out pornography! spluttered the woman to her college-professor husband as they left the movie theater.

"As you say, my dear," replied the man dryly, "but do try to be precise in your terminology. 'In-and-out pornography' would much more aptly describe it."

The tradition of putting an angel on the top of the Christmas tree has an interesting origin, according to our researchers. It seems that Santa Claus had the flu, his wife had been nagging him, Donner and Blitzen had had an argument and were not pulling together and the elves were threatening to strike and refused to fix a loose runner on the sleigh. . . .

And then, right after he learned that Mrs. Claus's mother was coming to visit them, there was a knock at the door. When the old gent opened it, he saw a little angel standing outside. "Hi, Santa," piped the visitor cheerfully. "I've brought your Christmas tree, C.O.D. Where should I put it?"

Gourmets can't agree on the merits of German-Chinese cuisine. The food is great, but half an hour later you're hungry for power.

Now, sir," said the sociologist who was doing an in-depth study of conditions and attitudes in Appalachia, "what are your professional views on the increasing employment of aphrodisiacs?"

"Wa-a-al," ruminated the man being questioned, "as long as they do their job, I don't think it makes no difference how they wears their hair."



In the powder room of a fashionable cocktail lounge, a very successful young woman about town was being questioned by some of her envious acquaintances. "How did you get that lovely mink?" they asked her. And "How could you afford those diamonds?" And "How did you manage that fantastic sports car?"

Her response to each query was the same: "I simply had another deposit made in my bank account."

Suddenly, the golden girl's cigarette dropped into her lap and her filmy dress burst into flames. "Help, help!" yelled one of the women. "The bank's on fire!"

Heard a funny one lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Party Jokes Editor, PLAYBOY, Playboy Bldg., 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611. \$50 will be paid to the contributor whose card is selected. Jokes cannot be returned.



"Now, don't be hasty. I've got something for you, too."

attire **By**
ROBERT L. GREEN

*"magician" bill
bixby cuts an old
saw in half as he
makes formalwear's
soup-and-fish
image disappear*

**PRESTO!
CHANGE-O!**





THERE WAS A TIME when no self-respecting magician would dare go on stage in anything less than white tie and tails. How else would he be able to tap his top hat with his ivory-tipped cane and produce a rabbit or two or three? The famed Houdini, for example, wouldn't have been caught dead without his soup-and-fish, even when locked in a trunk under 20 feet of water. But magicians and times have changed. The trend among illusionists—and among those who move in the social world that calls for “formalwear”—is away from white-tie/black-tie strait-jacketing. Magicians come on far more casually these days, as do today's night people, who manage to conjure up a look of elegance while avoiding the slightest resemblance to a flock of penguins. And so it is with Bill Bixby, one of Hollywood's better-dressed leading men, a master of legerdemain in his own right, and star of NBC's new series *The Magician*. In the accompanying photographs, Bill demonstrates dramatically that formalwear can be fun, while he runs through some of the more mind-boggling feats he will perform on television (without, regrettably, the lovely assistants he has here). It is, of course, against the

The lady's in suspense as Bixby hoops it up in a mohair and wool dinner jacket with silk-satin peak lapels, slash pockets and deep center vent; slightly flared trousers and double-breasted silk-satin vest are part of the act, all from Le Dernier Cri, \$340. Appearing behind the velvet bow tie, \$10, is an eggshell-color cotton shirt, \$40, both by Le Dernier Cri. Below, the old quick switch is given a new look as Bixby reappears in a black cashmere cardigan, \$120, white silk shirt, \$45, and matching bow tie, \$12.50, as well as trousers with satin side trim, \$75, all by Ralph Lauren.



PHOTOGRAPHY BY MARIO CASILLI



Above, Bixby creates a penetrating spectacle while wearing a floral cotton-chiffon shirt, \$70, natural-chamois trousers, \$125, and silver-studded leather belt, \$35, all by Mike Bain. Top right, our master magician takes off on *The Lady or the Tiger*, while tricked out in a gray-flannel dinner jacket and trousers, by Pinky & Dianne for Pretty Boy Floyd, \$150, raised white-on-white plaid polyester shirt, by Pierre Cardin, \$25, and a gray-suede rose, by Laura Paprika, \$6.50. Right, for the grand finale, Bixby divides and conquers in a deep-gray mohair and wool dinner jacket with shawl collar and flap pockets, and trousers with velvet trim, \$260, a ruffle-front polyester shirt, \$25, black tie, \$7.50, and—with a bow to Mandrake—a black Dacron/cotton cape with red-satin lining, \$70, all by After Six.

magician's code of honor to reveal the secrets of his profession, and we wouldn't think of pressuring Mr. Bixby into loosening the string on his bag of tricks, despite our frustrations. So we can only assume that levitation is an act that takes great concentration to perform: One slip of the mind—and the subject will surely fall. Though it appears slightly less dangerous, the Strap Exchange obviously requires perfect coordination. Before the curtain is closed, the girl is strapped and locked in. When the curtain is opened seconds later, she is free and Mr. Bixby has somehow become the prisoner. Amazing! And how does one shine a light through a human body or change an attractive lady into a tiger right before our eyes? And the rather bizarre feat at right in which a perfectly formed lady goes all to pieces? It's all beyond us. For that matter, we don't pretend comprehend the neat trick that goes into putting together sensational formalwear. But we do know that when it's done right, it always works.





Uncle Shelby's Mother Goose

humor

Tom Tom

TOM TOM THE PIPER'S SON
STOLE A PIG AND AWAY HE RUN

THE PIG
WAS EAT

AND TOM
WAS BEAT



AND TOM WENT CRYING
DOWN THE STREET.
SO LEARN THIS LESSON,
CHILDREN ALL;
AND DON'T BE A PIG
OR STEAL ANYTHING SMALL.



Three Blind Mice

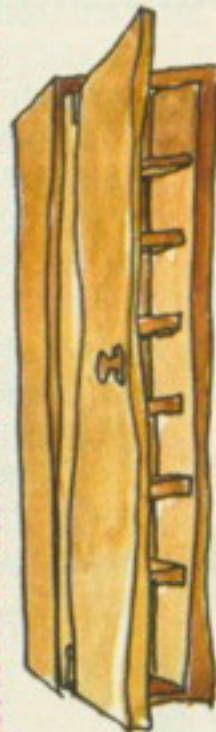
THREE BLIND MICE
SEE HOW THEY RUN
THEY ALL RAN AFTER THE FARMER'S WIFE
SHE CUT OFF THEIR TAILS WITH A
CARVING KNIFE JUST AS THE MAN FROM
S.P.C.A. WALKED IN AND....

Jack



JACK BE NIMBLE
JACK BE QUICK
JACK JUMP OVER
THE CANDLESTICK
UNTIL FINALLY
HIS PANTS CATCH
ON FIRE AND
THEY TAKE HIM
TO THE HOSPITAL
AND HE MAY NEVER
WALK AGAIN --
EXCEPT ON
CRATCHES --
SO STAY AWAY
FROM CANDLES
AND MATCHES!

Old Mother Hubbard



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD
WENT TO THE CUPBOARD
TO GET HER POOR DOG A BONE.
BUT WHEN SHE GOT THERE
THE CUPBOARD WAS BARE
AND SO THE POOR DOG HAD NONE!



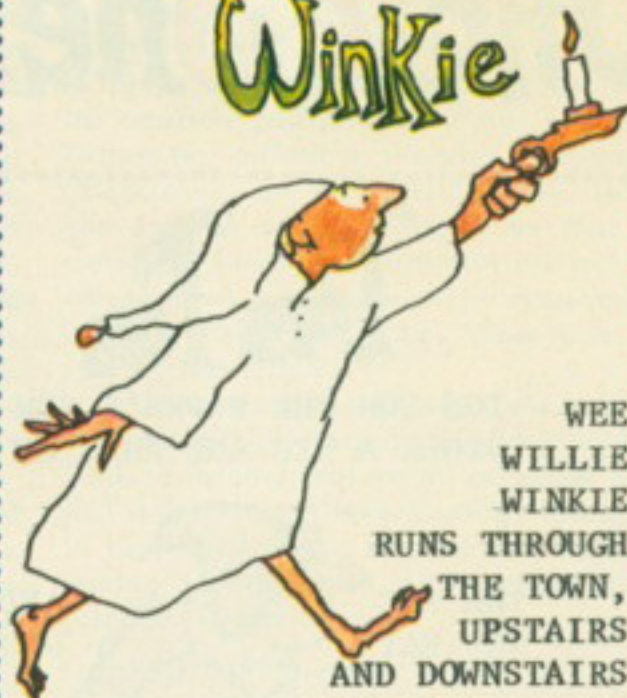
SO WHAT DO YOU THINK HE DONE...?

Little Jack Horner



LITTLE JACK HORNER
SAT IN THE CORNER
EATING HIS
CHRISTMAS PIE,
HE STUCK IN HIS THUMB
(WHICH WAS FULL OF
GERMS) AND GOT
DYSENTERY AND
PTOMAINES AND HAD TO
BE RUSHED TO THE
HOSPITAL TO GET HIS
STOMACH PUMPED OUT
AND MISSED GOING TO
CAMP AND HAD TO STAY
IN THE CITY ALL
SUMMER AND GOT
HIT BY A CAR.

Wee Willie Winkie



WEE
WILLIE
WINKIE
RUNS THROUGH
THE TOWN,
UPSTAIRS
AND DOWNSTAIRS
IN HIS NIGHTGOWN
TAPPING AT THE
WINDOW, CRYING
THROUGH THE LOCK,
"ARE THE CHILDREN
ALL IN BED, FOR IT'S
PAST EIGHT O'CLOCK?"
AND WHAT IS IT HIS
BUSINESS, ANYWAY,
THE DIRTY LITTLE FINK.
MAYBE TONIGHT WE GET
A BUNCH OF THE KIDS
TOGETHER AND BEAT THE
HELL OUT OF HIM AND
STAY UP AS LATE AS
WE WANT!

GOOSEY GOOSEY
GANDER
WHERE DO
YOU WANDER?
UPSTAIRS AND
DOWNSTAIRS
IN MY LADY'S CHAMBER.
THERE I MET
AN OLD MAN WHO WOULD
NOT SAY HIS PRAYERS.
I TOOK HIM BY THE
LEFT LEG AND THREW
HIM DOWN THE STAIRS.
(AND WHAT WILL YOU
DO IF YOUR GRAND-
FATHER WILL NOT
SAY HIS PRAYERS?)

Goosey Gander



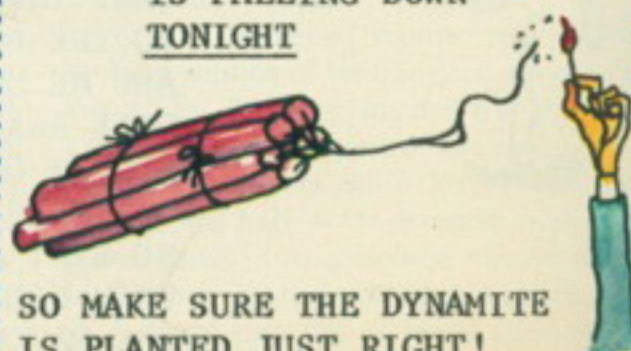
Mary Mary



MARY, MARY,
QUITE CONTRARY
HOW DOES YOUR
GARDEN GROW?
WITH SILVER BELLS
AND COCKLESHELLS
AND PRETTY MAIDS
ALL IN A ROW
AND A LITTLE
HORSE MANURE...
JUST TO BE SURE.

London Bridge

LONDON BRIDGE
IS FALLING DOWN
FALLING DOWN
FALLING DOWN
LONDON BRIDGE
IS FALLING DOWN --
TONIGHT



SO MAKE SURE THE DYNAMITE
IS PLANTED JUST RIGHT!

HARK, HARK,
THE DOGS DO BARK
THE BEGGARS
ARE COMING
TO TOWN
SOME IN RAGS
AND SOME IN TAGS
AND SOME IN
VELVET GOWNS.
AND IT'S THE ONES
IN VELVET GOWNS
I WANT YOU TO
KEEP AWAY FROM...
EVEN IF THEY
OFFER YOU CANDY!!



BYE BABY BUNTING
DADDY'S GONE A-HUNTING
TO GET A LITTLE
RABBIT'S SKIN
TO WRAP HIS
BABY BUNTING IN
AND LEAVE THE
POOR LITTLE BUNNY
RABBIT ALL SKINNED
AND BLEEDING IN
THE SNOW,
ALL FOR YOUR
LOUSY BUNTING!!!

Hark
Hark



WHAT ARE LITTLE
BOYS MADE OF?
FROGS AND SNAILS
AND PUPPY-DOGS' TAILS
AND BLOOD
AND ENTRAILS
AND MUSCLE
AND INTESTINE
AND....

What are
Little
Boys
Made
of?



Little
Tommy
Tucker



PEAS PORRIDGE HOT
PEAS PORRIDGE COLD
PEAS PORRIDGE
IN THE POT
NINE DAYS OLD
SO TRY A BOWL IN THE
SCHOOL CAFETERIA,
WITH ITS NINE-DAY-OLD
GREEN BACTERIA.

Peas
Porridge



LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER
SINGS FOR HIS SUPPER
WHICH IS IN DIRECT
VIOLATION OF RULE 217
OF THE MUSICIANS' UNION,
WHICH CLEARLY STATES:
ALL PAYMENT FOR ALL
PERFORMANCES SHALL BE....

Peter Peter



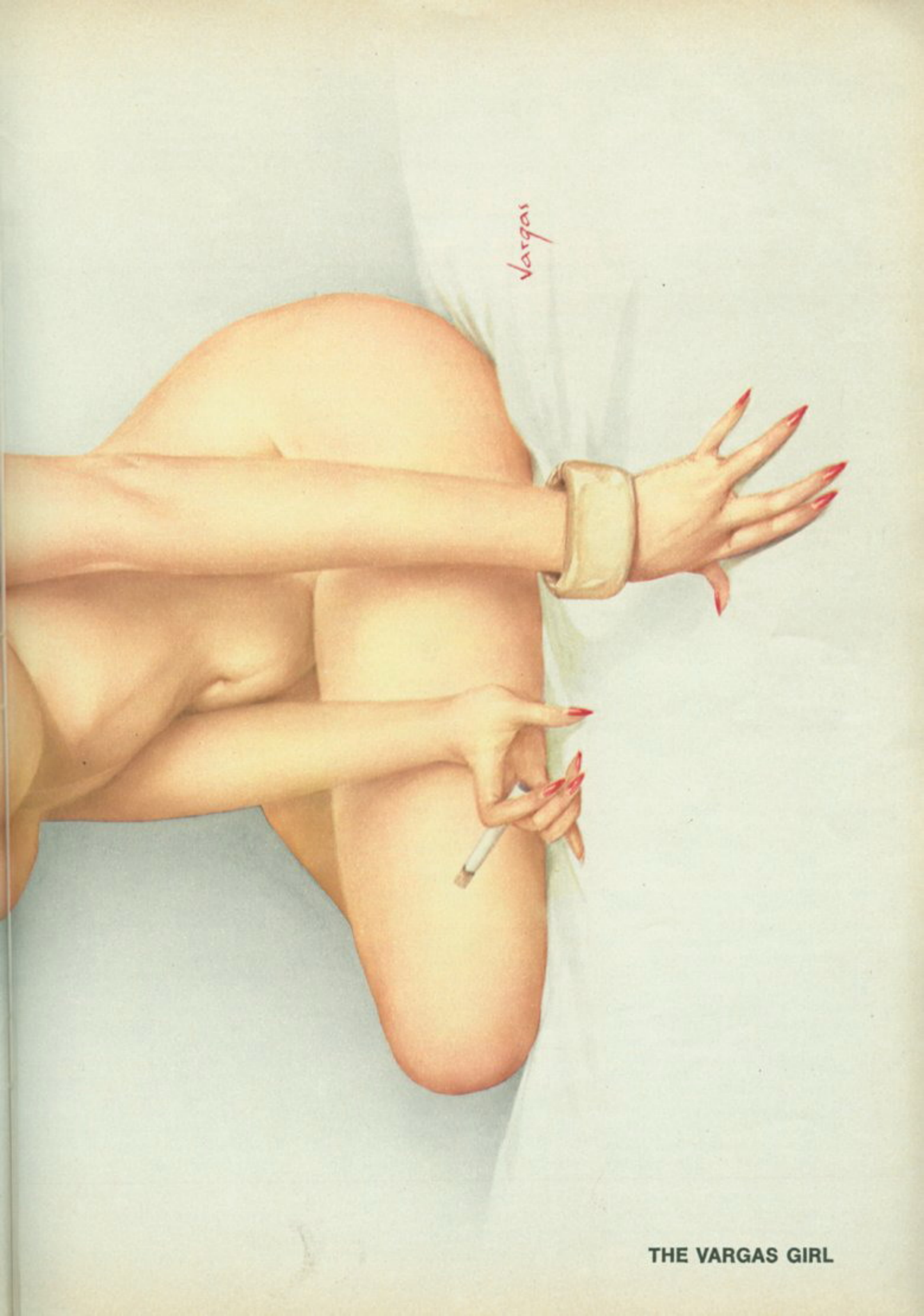
PETER, PETER,
PUMPKIN-EATER
HAD A WIFE AND
COULDN'T KEEP HER.
HE PUT HER IN A
PUMPKIN SHELL
AND THERE HE KEPT
HER VERY WELL...
UNTIL THE POLICE
CAME AND FOUND
HER THERE A
MONTH LATER,
COMPLETELY--



BUT I'M AFRAID
THE REST OF THE STORY
IS A LITTLE TOO GORY...!

*"That was what I call
my hat trick, darling."*





THE VARGAS GIRL



SEX STARS OF 1973

article

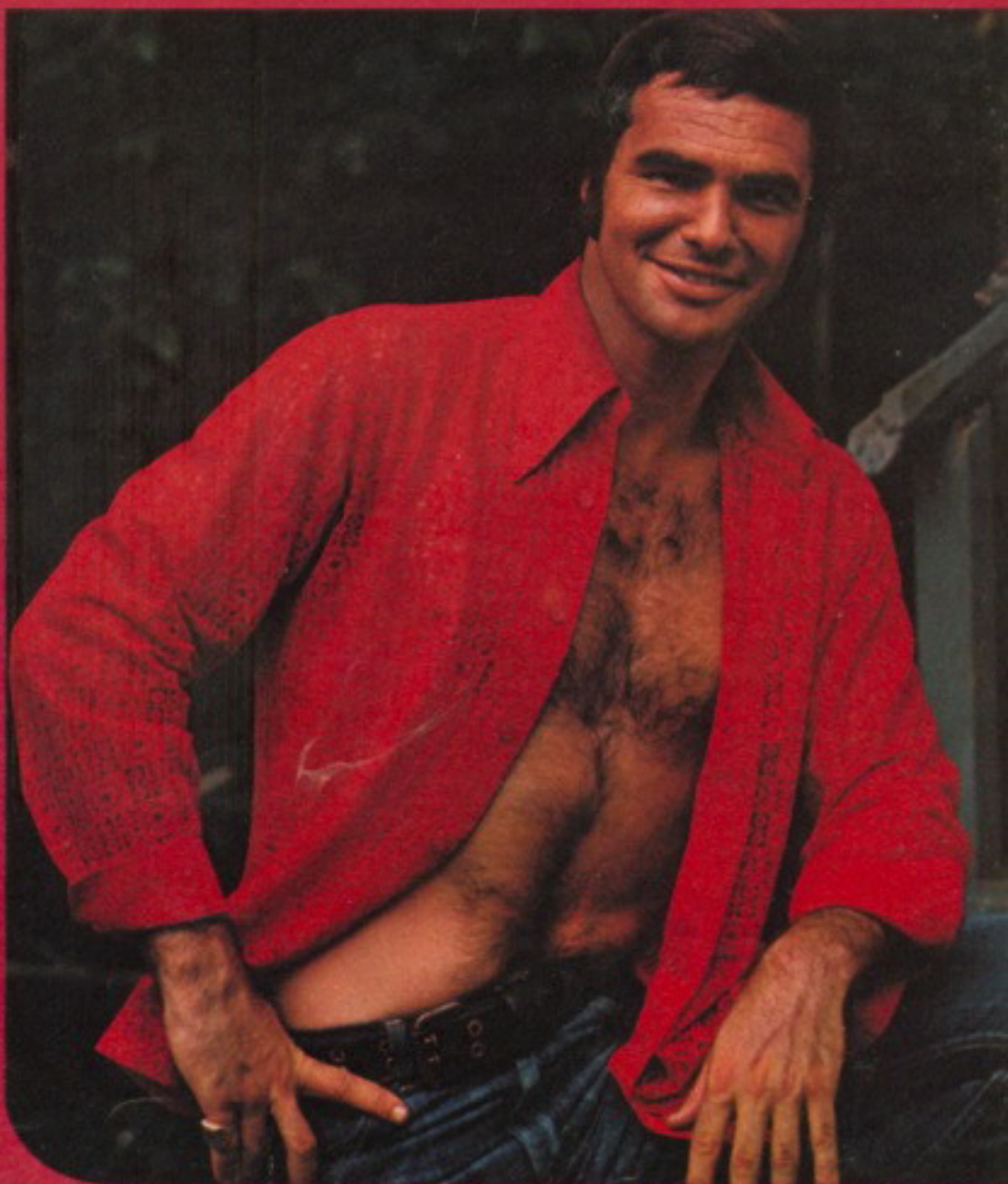
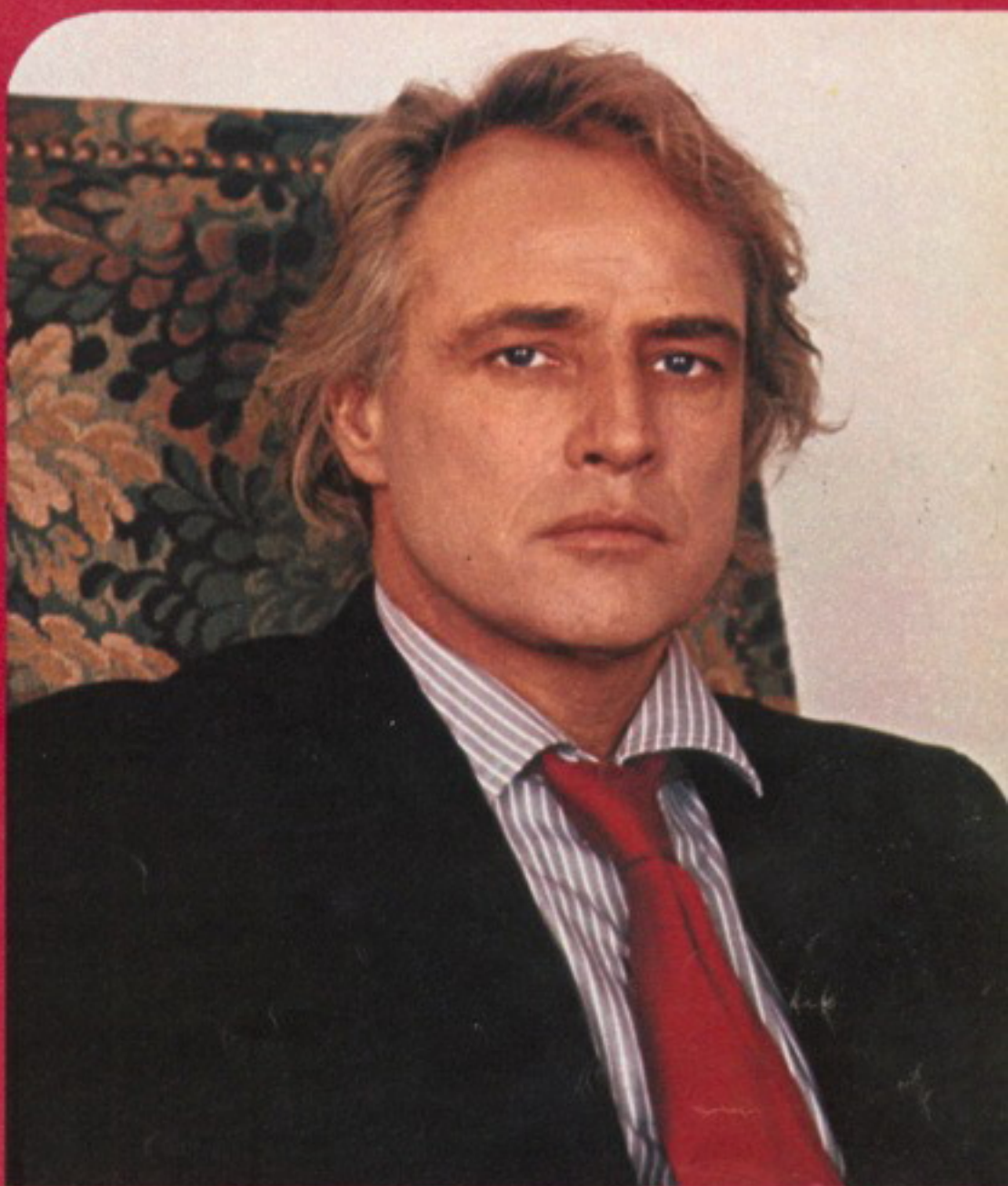
By ARTHUR KNIGHT

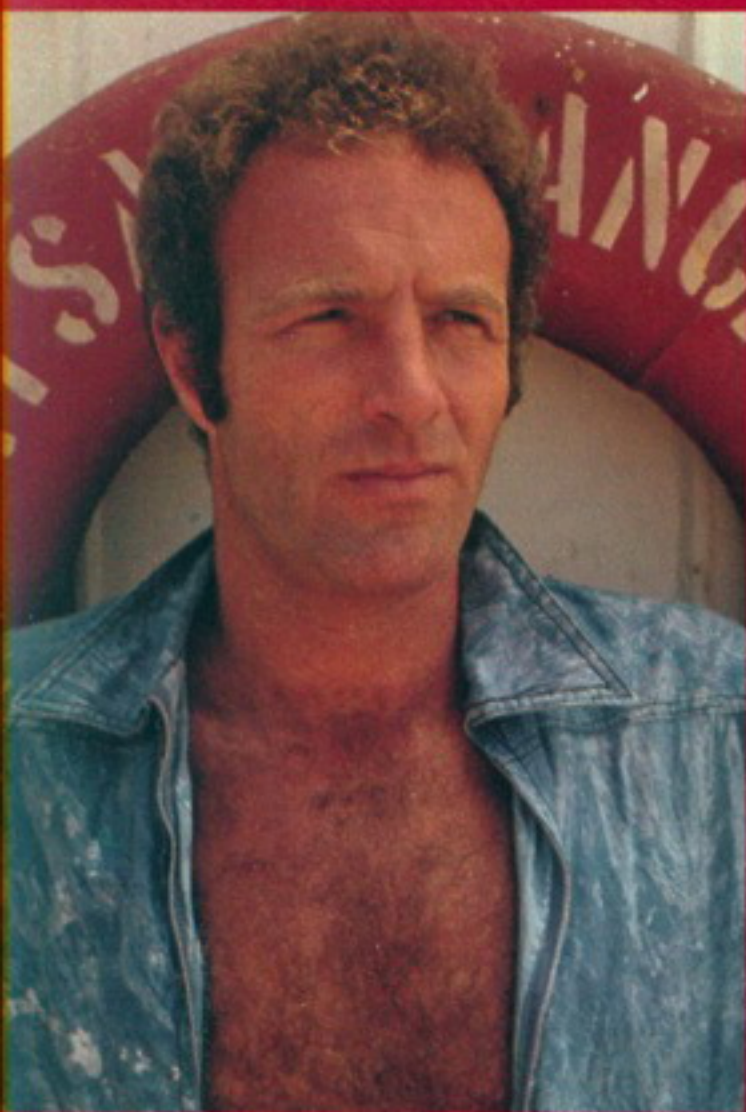
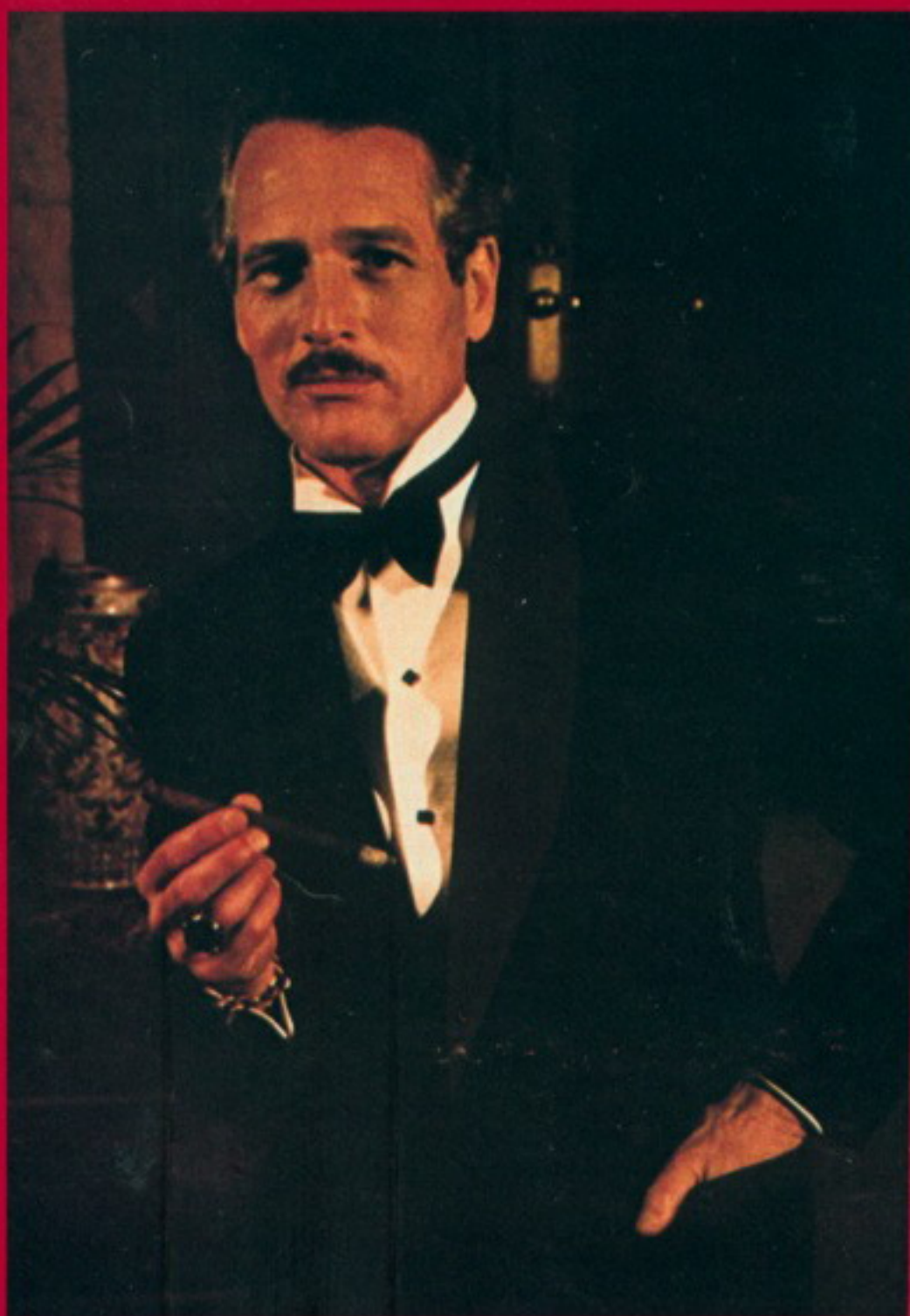
in a year of sex and violence on the screen, the biggest waves were made by black belts in the erotic and martial arts

IT WAS A STRANGE YEAR, notable for a dearth of sex stars that would have been inconceivable in the heyday of the big studios, with their well-oiled apparatus for manufacturing—and maintaining—idols. For a time in 1973, it looked as if the accolade for sexiest male star of the year would have to be awarded to the feline protagonist of *Frasier*, the *Sensuous Lion* (the horny old beast from California's Lion Country Safari who had once performed for a *Wall Street Journal* reporter five times in 40 minutes). Frasier died, however, and so—at the box office—did the film. And as the year progressed, it became increasingly clear that the crown of sexiest female star would have to be placed on the curly head of Linda Lovelace, who went down in history (and on several male partners) as the heroine of America's hottest porno hit, *Deep Throat*.

Whatever one's reservations about her histrionic abilities, Lovelace has become the screen's first literal sex star for a performance that is still a topic of conversation at cocktail parties—and of heated debate in the courts. As she tells it, the whole thing began when she was doing some modeling in New York, where she was spotted at a party by Gerard Damiano, *Throat's* director, and offered the lead in his projected film—at \$100 a day for approximately two weeks before the camera. It was the kind of work that, as she has frequently announced, she enjoys. The rest, as the saying goes, is history—some of it recorded in her purportedly autobiographical *Inside Linda Lovelace*, more of it revealed through interviews in such varied publications as *Screw*, the *London Times*, *Women's Wear Daily* and (text continued on page 212)

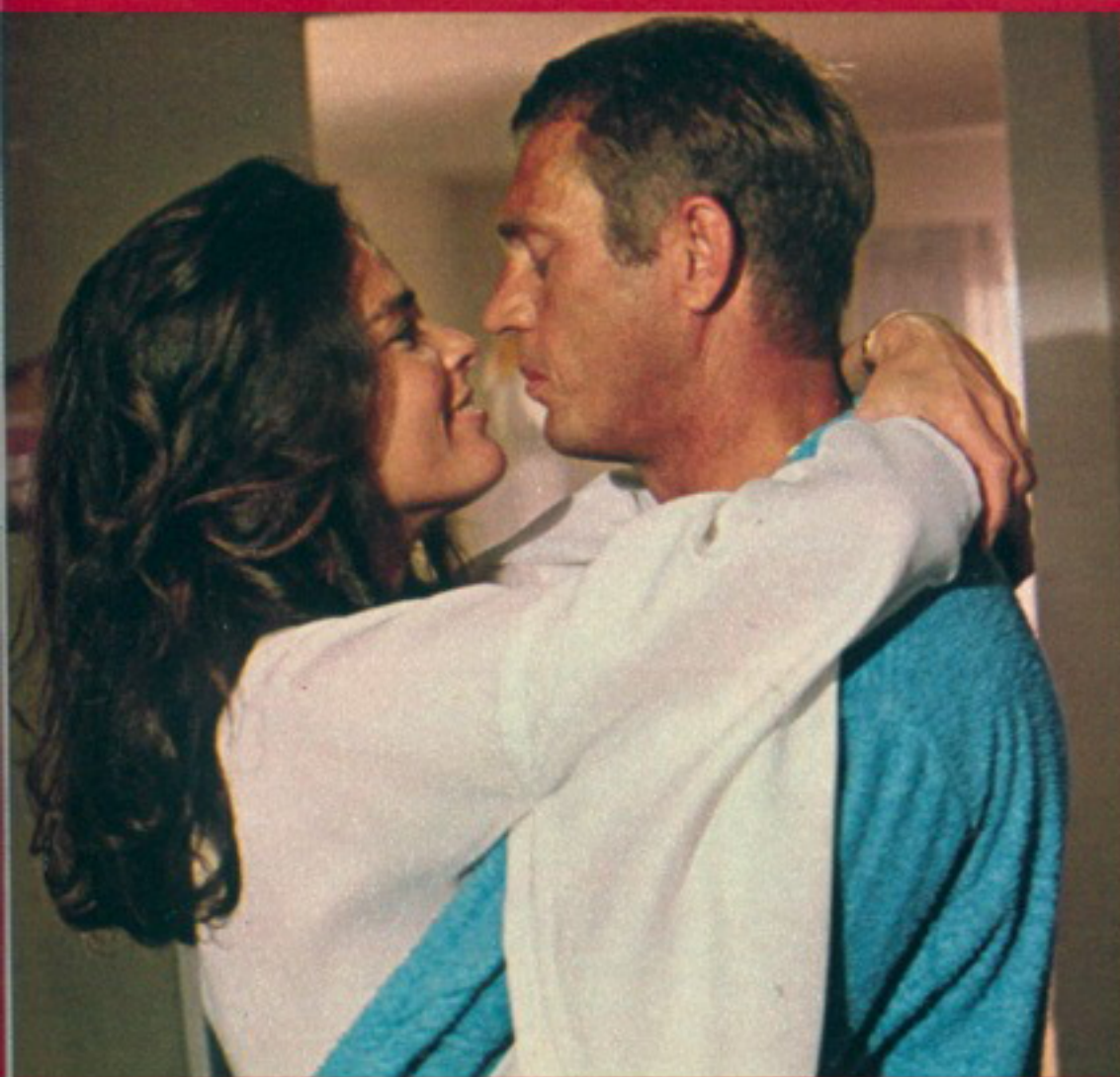
THREE FOR THE MONEY: The hottest box-office attractions of the year, in their disparate ways, were these unlikely companions: porn queen Linda Lovelace (opposite), star of *Deep Throat*; Marlon Brando (above right), who followed an Oscar-winning performance in 1972's *The Godfather* with an even more demanding role in *Last Tango in Paris*; and Burt Reynolds (right), who swaggered from four movies in '72 into *Shamus*, *The Man Who Loved Cat Dancing* and *White Lightning* this season. All are momentarily at leisure—Miss Lovelace stalemated by the Supreme Court, Reynolds slowed down by surgery, Brando presumably idle by choice.



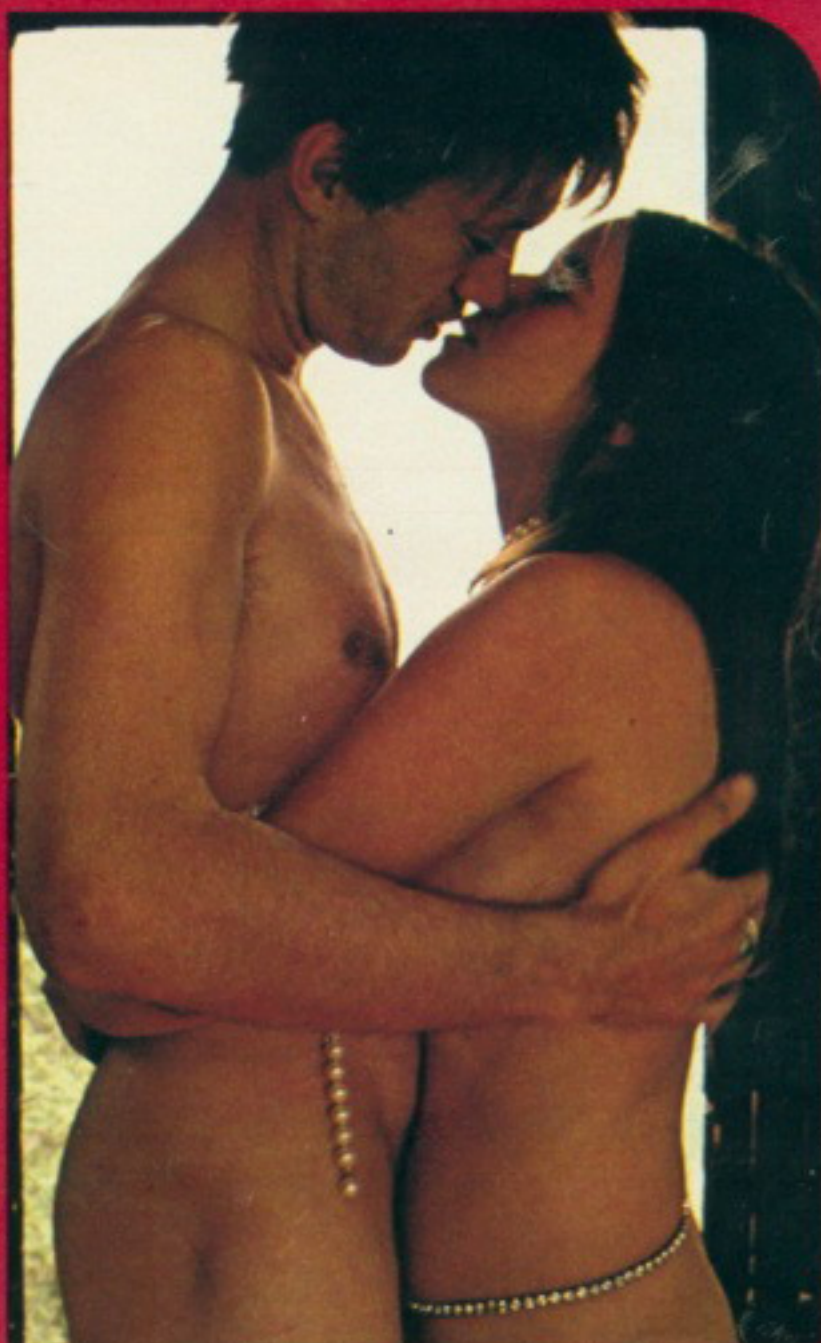


TOGETHER AGAIN: They first joined forces as an outlaw duo in *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid* in 1969. Since then, Robert Redford (above left) has clicked—this year with *Jeremiah Johnson* and *The Way We Were* and, most likely, will repeat next year in *The Great Gatsby*—while Paul Newman has plodded through comparatively lackluster fare. They're re-teamed as hoods in *The Sting*; that's Newman in con-man threads from the film above.

GOING IT ALONE: James Caan and Al Pacino (far and near left), brothers in *The Godfather*, are making it separately this year, Caan in *Slither*, Pacino in *Scarecrow* and *Serpico*. *Cinderella Liberty*, starring Caan, is due out this month; Pacino is now filming a sequel to *Godfather*.

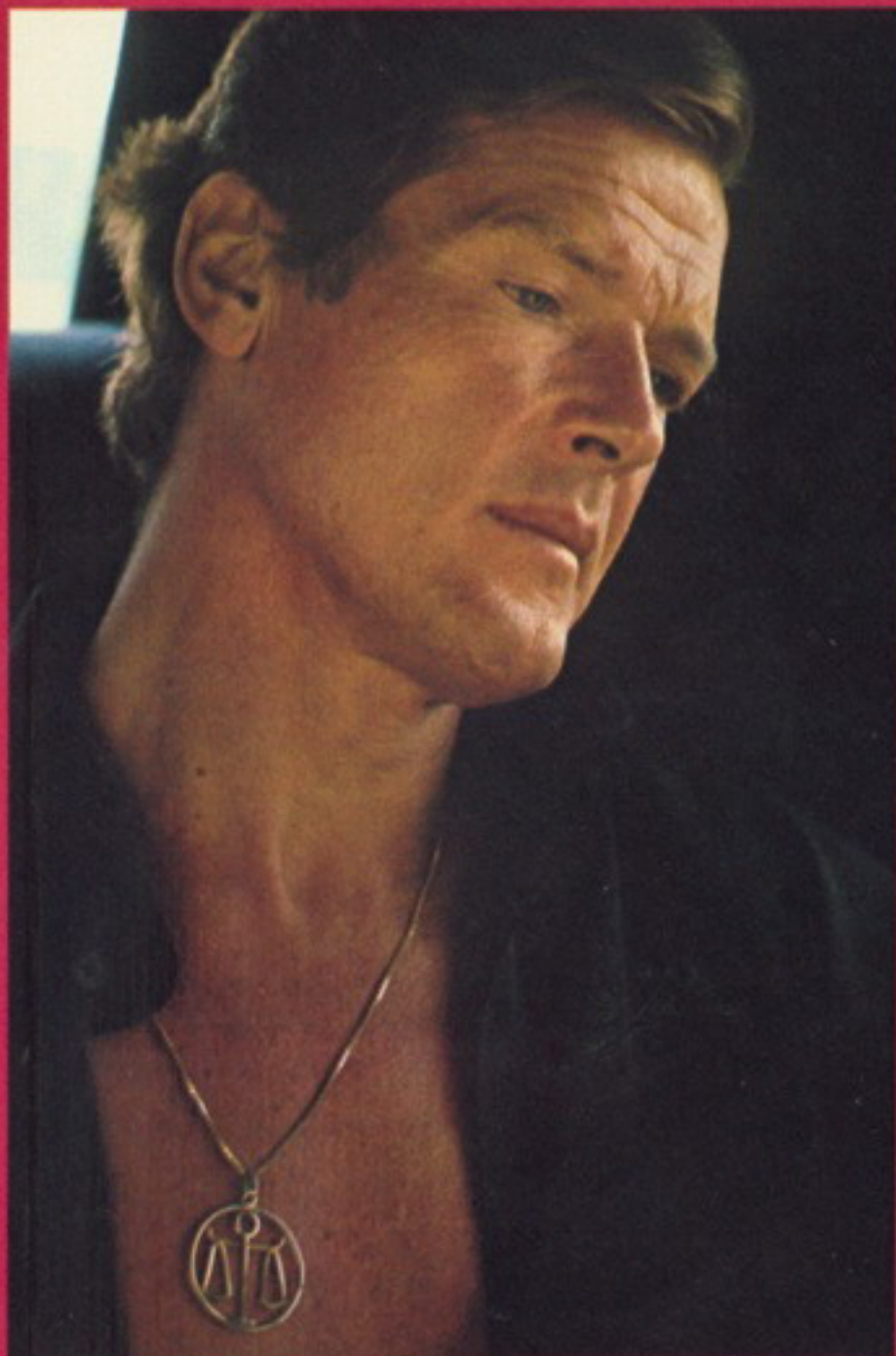


COUPLES: Ali MacGraw and Steve McQueen struck sparks in 1972's *The Getaway* (above); now that they're wed, Ali is temporarily inactive and Steve's in *Papillon*. David Caradine and Barbara Hershey Seagull (above right) have collaborated in producing one child and three films. **NOTEWORTHIES:** Singers Kris Kristofferson (below) and Diana Ross (below right) have moved stylishly to movies: he as a drifter in *Blume in Love* and Billy in *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid*, she as Billie Holiday in *Lady Sings the Blues*.

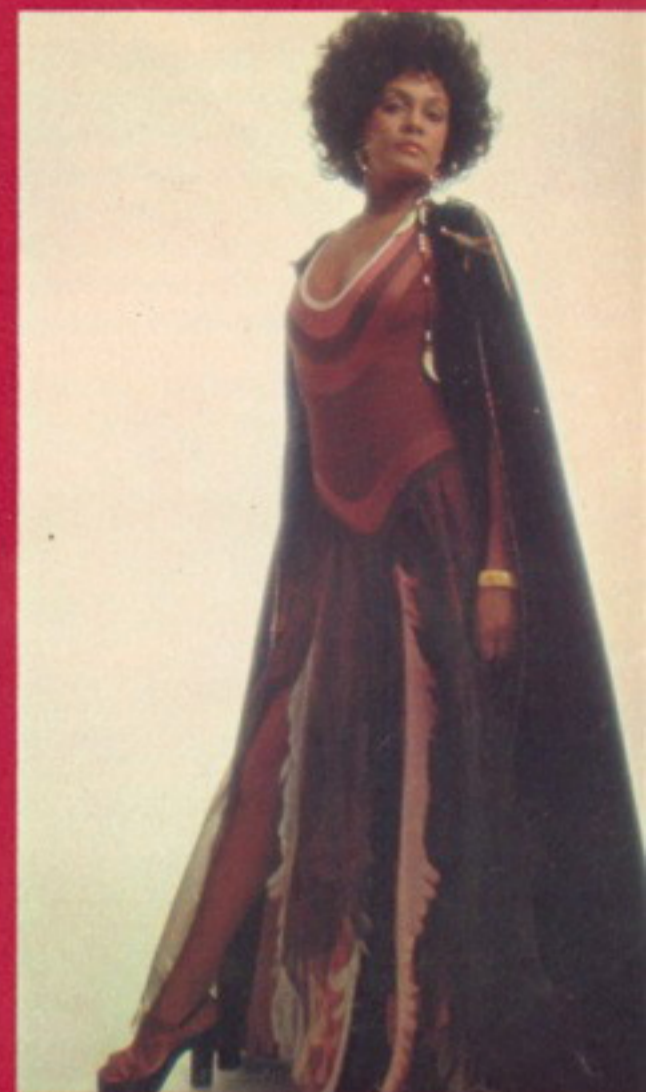
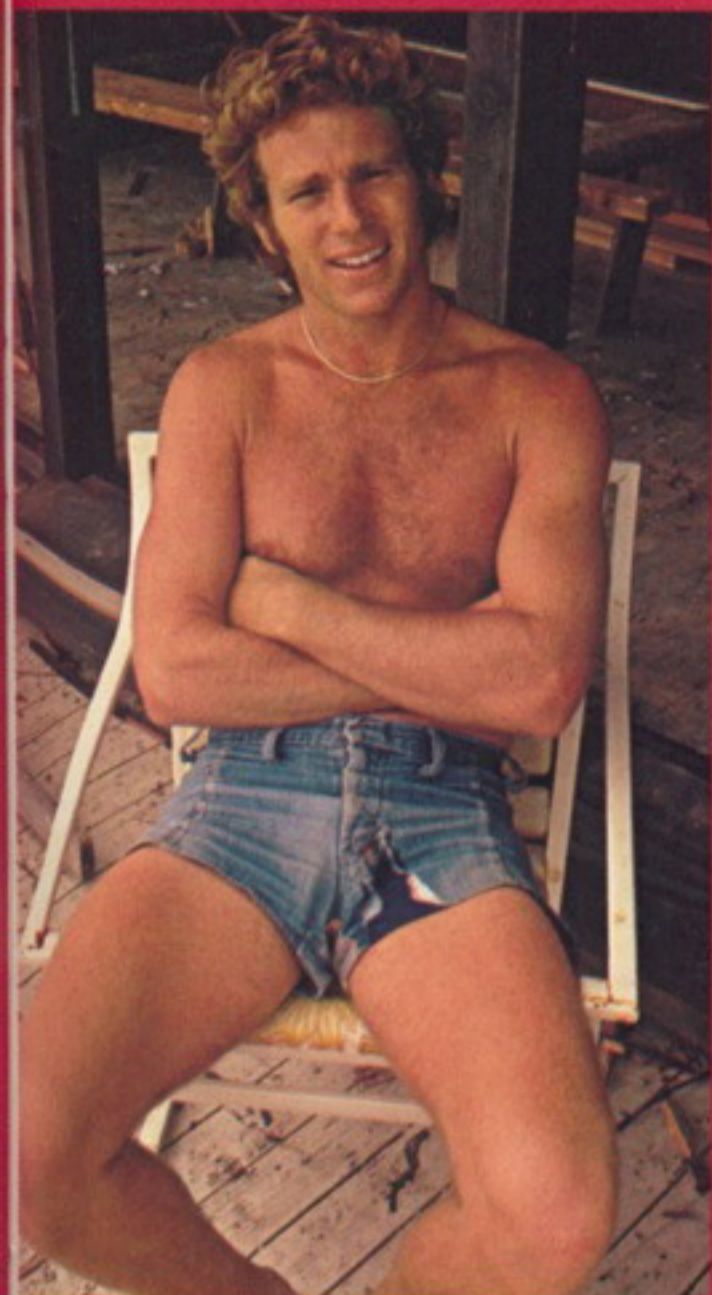




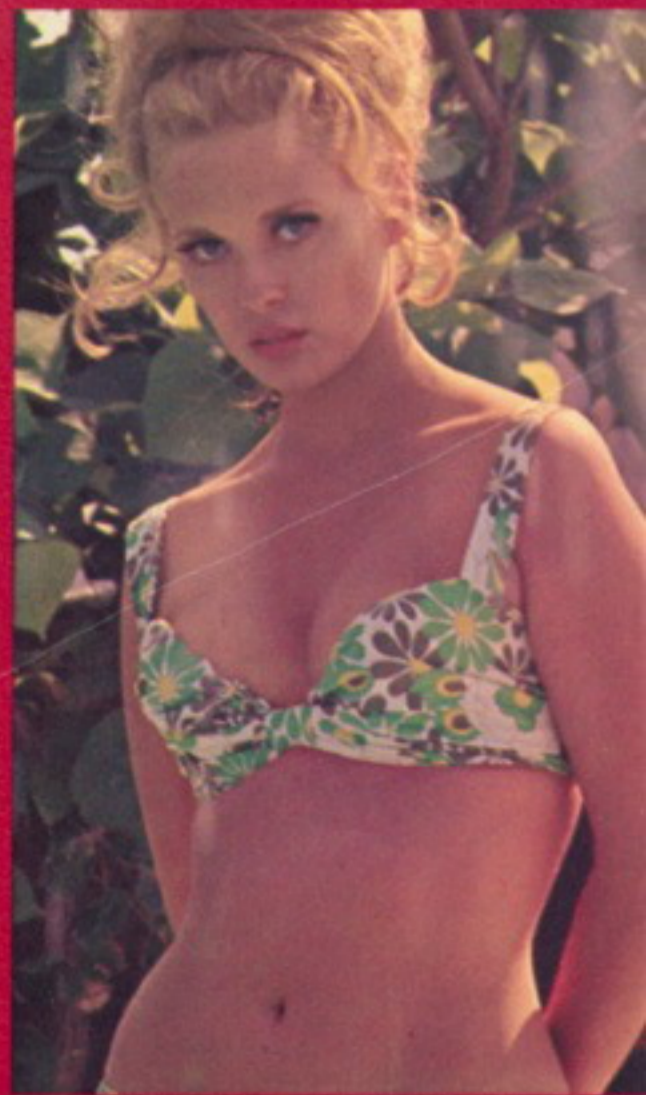
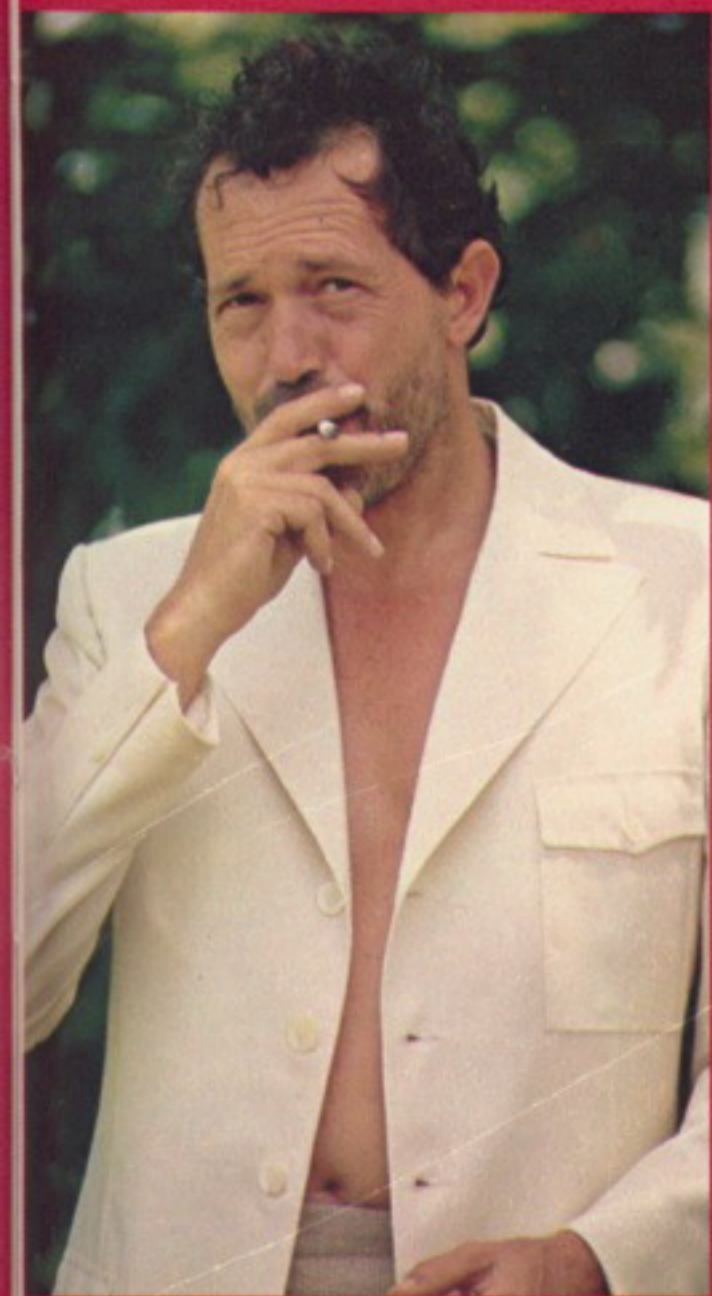
BOND AND COMPANY: Ian Fleming's fictional Agent 007 was indestructible, but there's been a notable attrition among actors who've played him on film. First there was Sean Connery, then George Lazenby, then Connery again. Now it's Roger Moore (below), who in *Live and Let Die* sampled the charms of sometime Bunny Gloria Hendry (left), as a double-agent-crosser, and Jane Seymour (bottom left), as a tarot-card seeress. Moore is slated for another Bond film, *The Man with the Golden Gun*; Gloria will be seen next in a sequel to her 1973 hit *Black Caesar*.



CRIME DOES PAY: But last year's rash of Mafia movies, mainly unworthy offspring of *The Godfather*, has given way to a different breed of crook. Ryan O'Neal (top right) struck pay dirt as a two-bit swindler in *Paper Moon* but not as a jewel robber in *The Thief Who Came to Dinner*; he's currently at work in Stanley Kubrick's *Barry Lyndon*, with Marisa Berenson. Warren Oates (right), Ryan's insurance-investigator nemesis in *Thief* and a novelty-factory worker in *Kid Blue*, crossed over to the other side of the law as *Dillinger*.



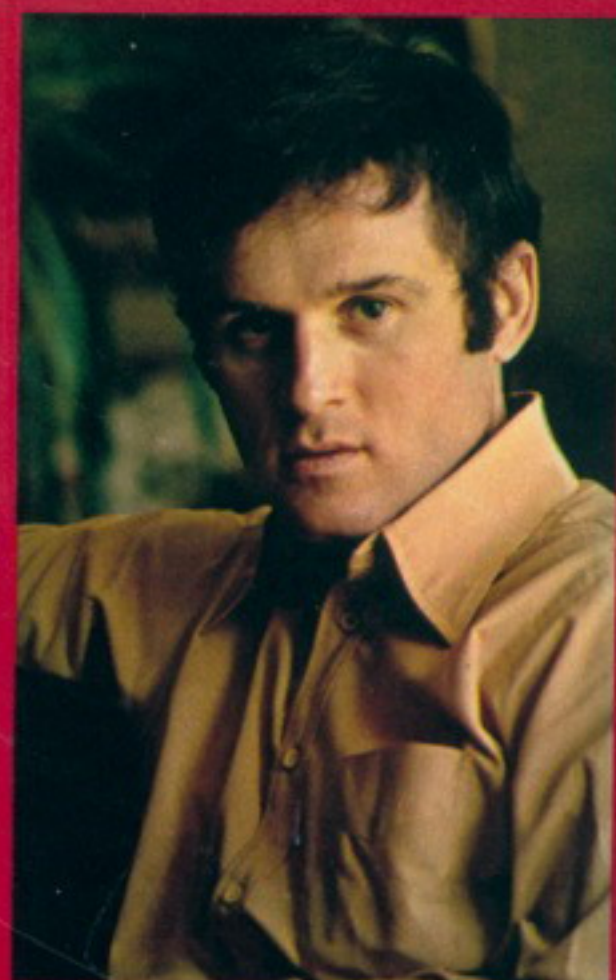
WONDERWOMEN: Black, beautiful—and handy with a right cross or a karate chop—are the year's new superheroines, Pam Grier (above left) of *Coffy*, next to be seen as a gladiatrix in *The Arena*, and rangy Tamara Dobson (above right) of *Cleopatra Jones*. **LIBERATED LADIES:** Very much their own women in 1973 fare, as well as in private life, were Jane Fonda (below left), who played Nora in Joseph Losey's version of Ibsen's *A Doll's House*, and Faye Dunaway (below right), a hard-bitten wildcatter in *Oklahoma Crude*.



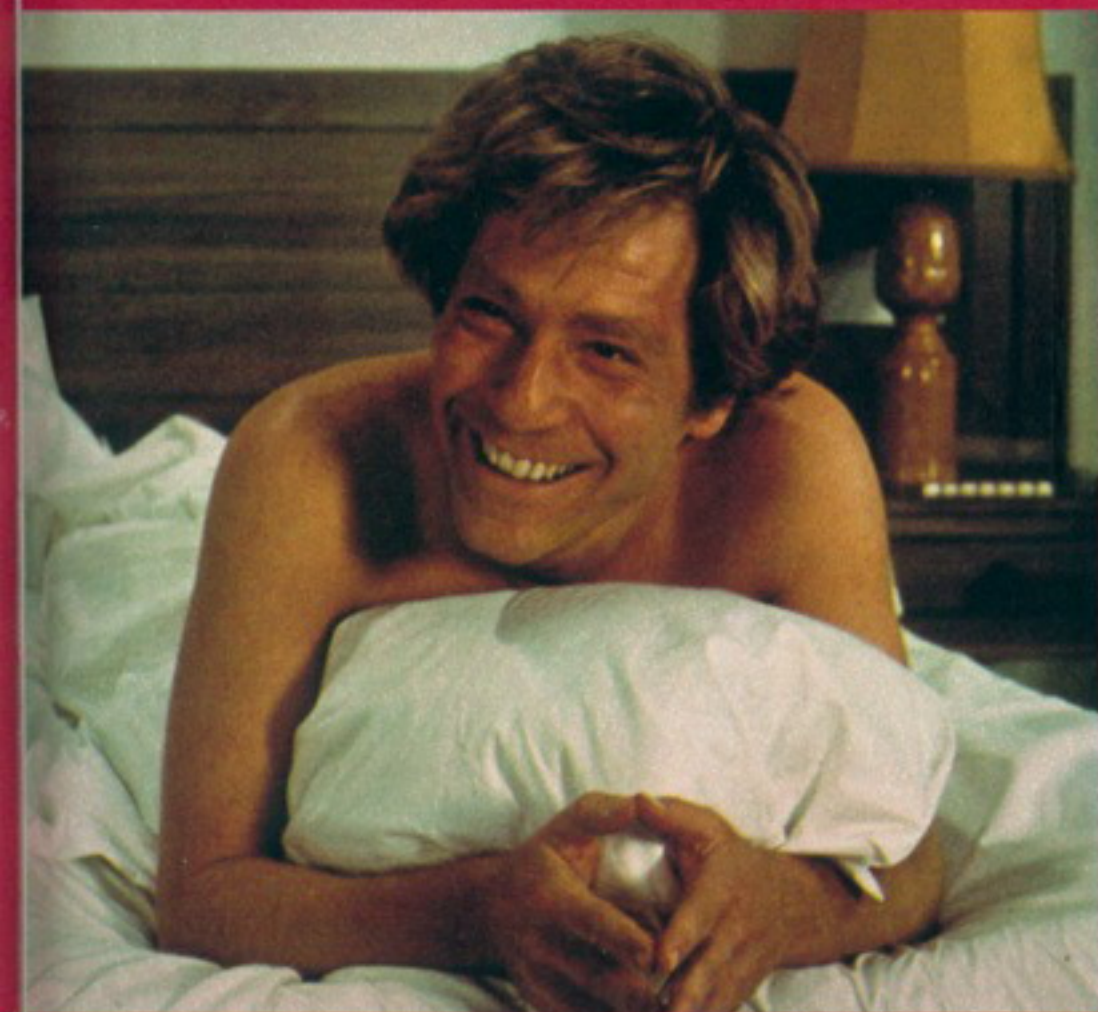
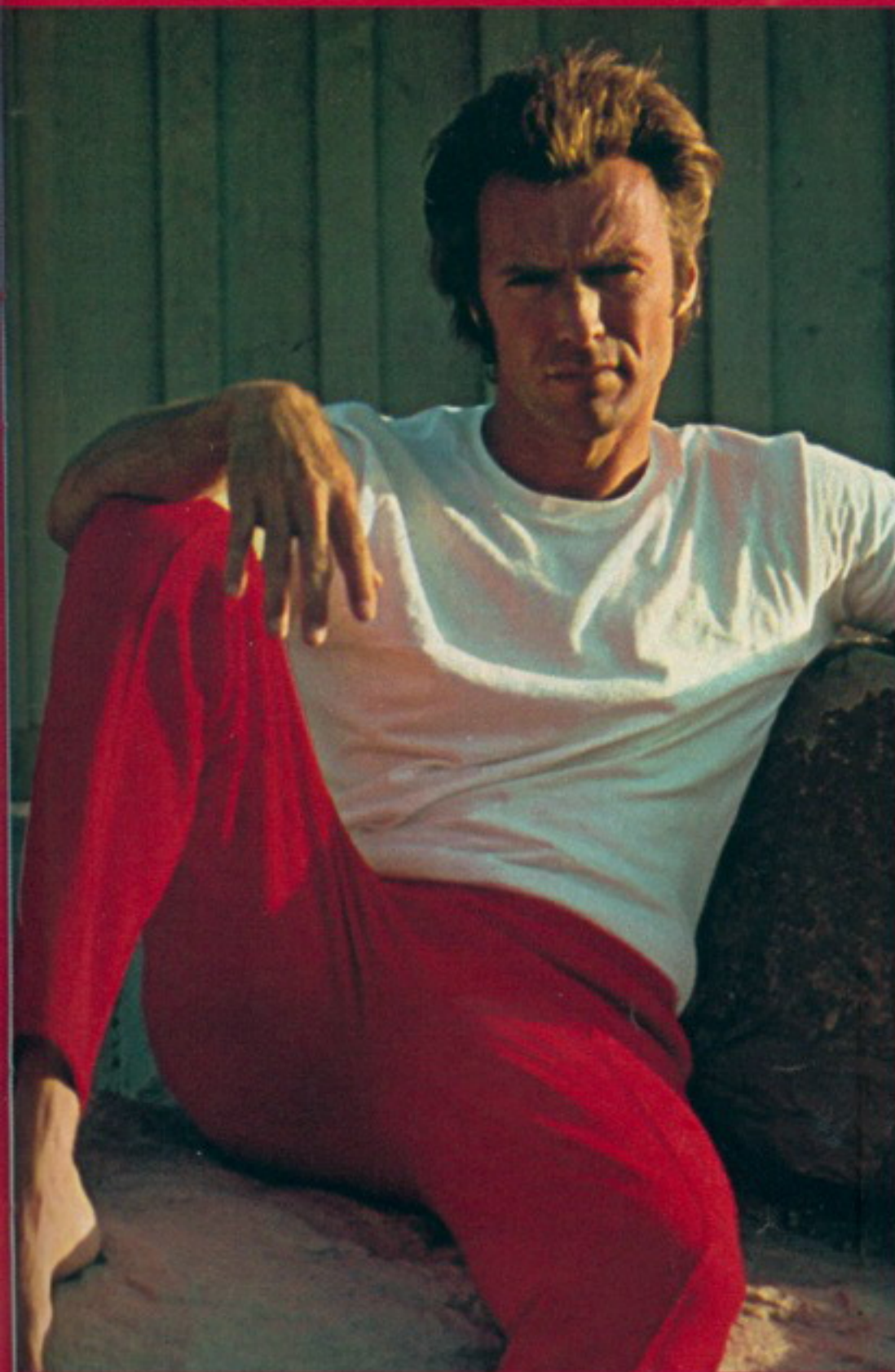
THE OLDER WOMAN: They're no longer fresh young faces, but these three mature actresses retain their sex appeal. Dyan Cannon (below), fresh from 1972's *Such Good Friends* and *Shamus*, went on to *The Last of Sheila* and *Child Under a Leaf*. Brigitte Bardot played a medieval chatelaine in *Colinot* (bottom left) and starred as ex-hubby Roger Vadim's female *Don Juan*. And Britain's Glenda Jackson (bottom right), a tigress as Elizabeth I on BBC-TV's *Masterpiece Theater*, won plaudits for her screen performances in *A Touch of Class* and *The Nelson Affair*.



STRONG, SILENT TYPES: Action has always spoken louder than words for Bruce Lee (above) and Clint Eastwood (right). Lee, before his untimely death in July, scored in Kung Fu films, successors to the spaghetti Westerns made famous by Eastwood—whose own 1973 films were *High Plains Drifter*, *Magnum Force*. **BIG TALKERS:** Far from taciturn in their roles this year were Charles Grodin (below) of *The Heartbreak Kid* and George Segal of *Blume in Love* and *A Touch of Class* (below right).



STILL DOING THEIR THING: Sally Kellerman, who skyrocketed to fame as Hot Lips Houlihan in *M*A*S*H*, continues to shine as a funky light comedienne; a *Slither* reviewer dubbed her "one of the grand daffy screen personalities." And Karen Black (bottom) seems typecast as the trollopy naïf (*Rhinoceros*, *Little Laura* and *Big John*).



UNSTAPLED: Playmates of months gone by are getting established in Hollywood. May 1967's Anne Randall (below) is the private detective in the title role of *Stacey* and a robot beauty in *Westworld*; November 1969's Claudia Jennings (bottom), star of four movies this year, also played Edward Albert's castoff girlfriend in *40 Carats*.

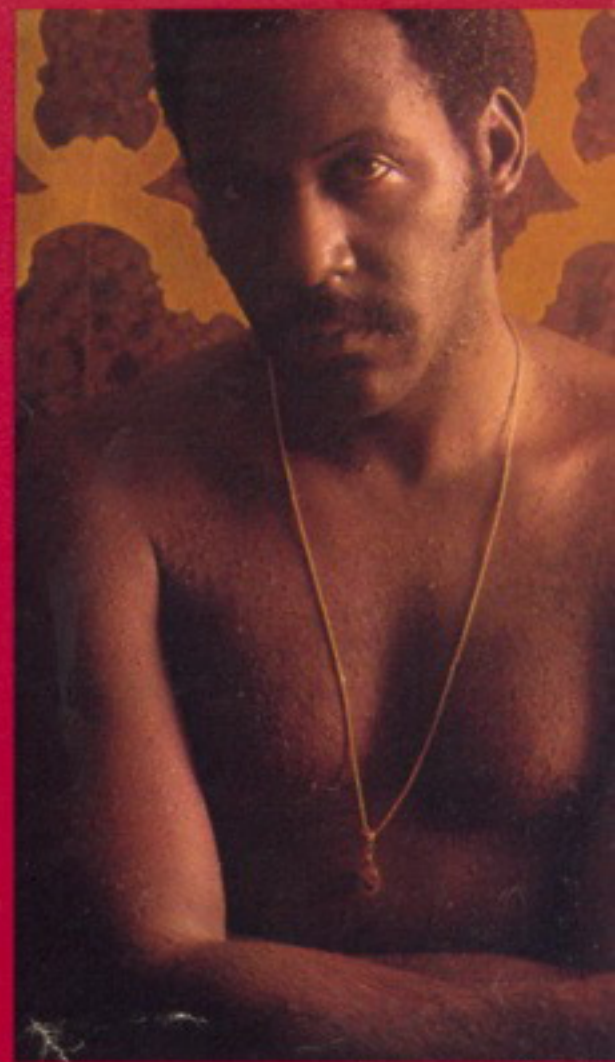
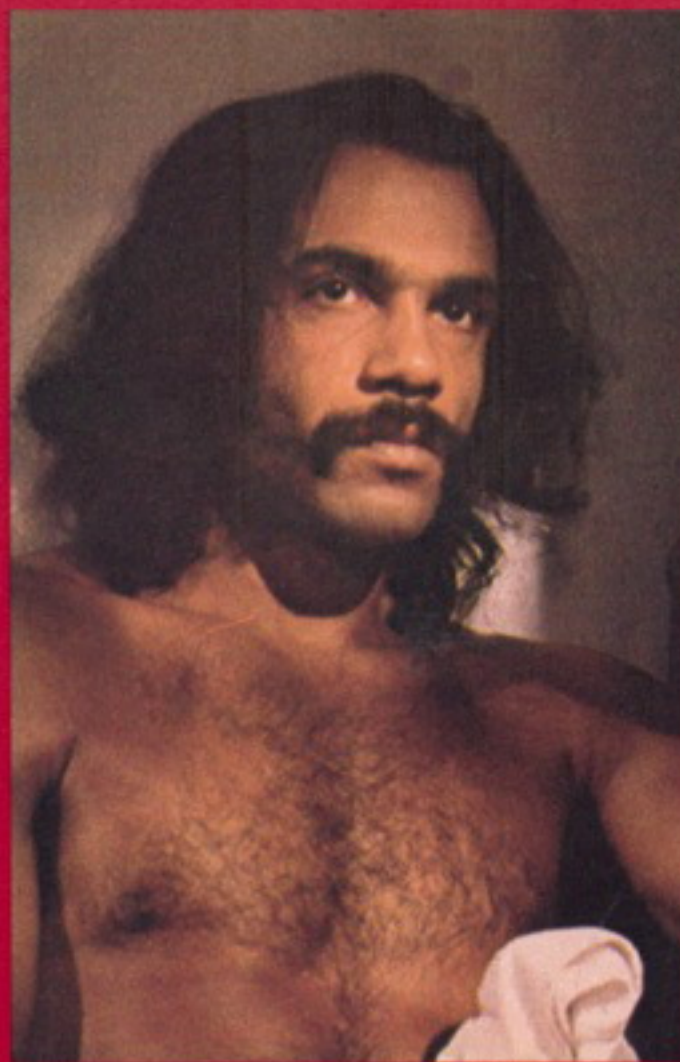
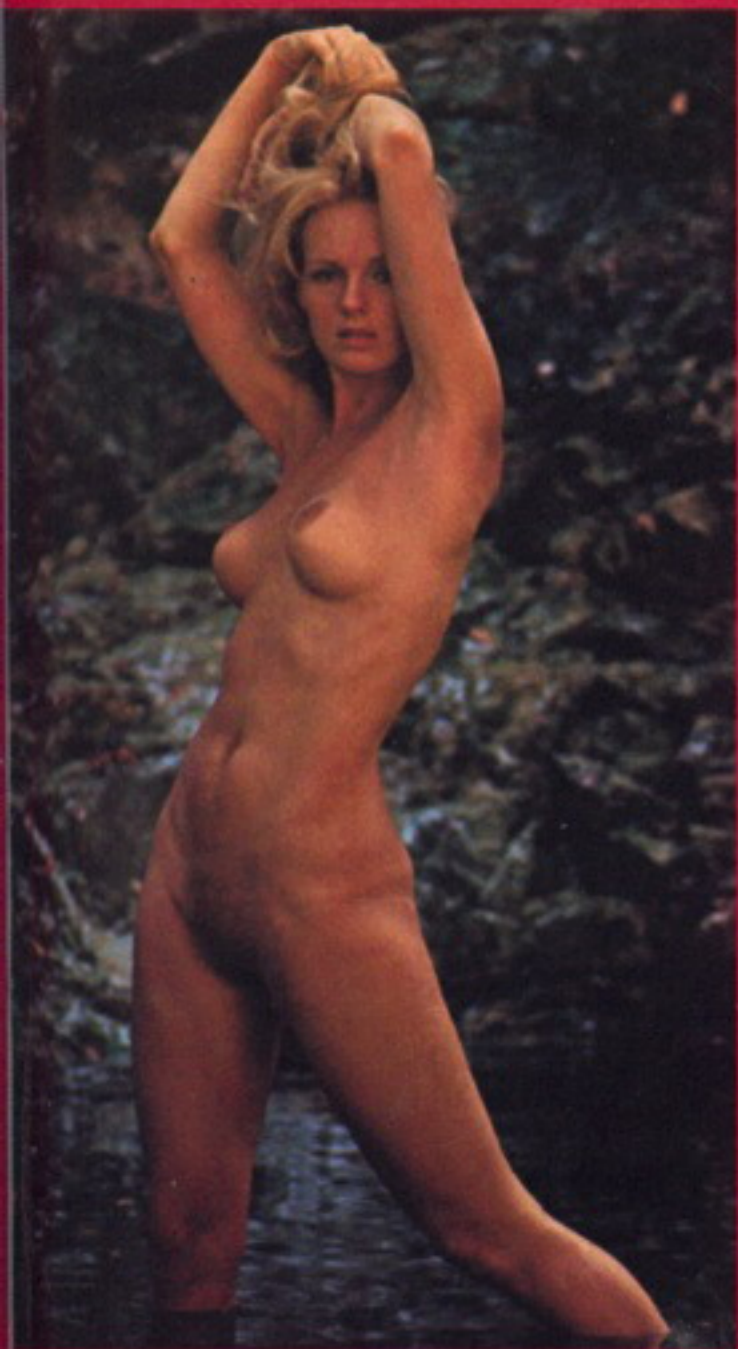
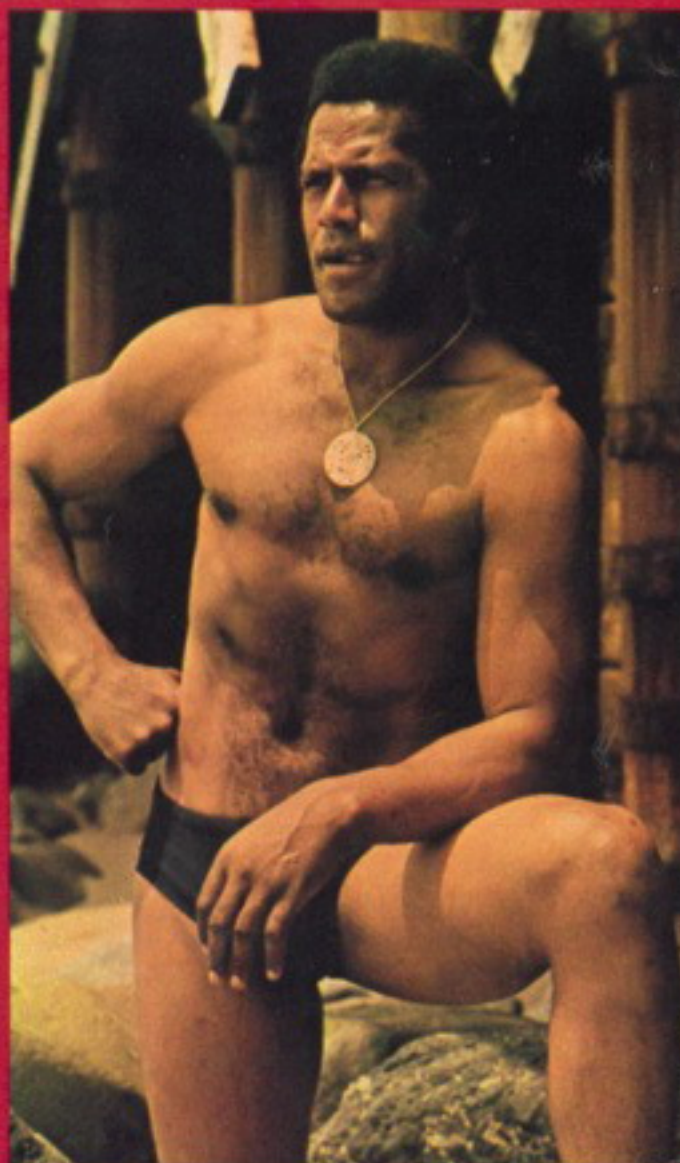


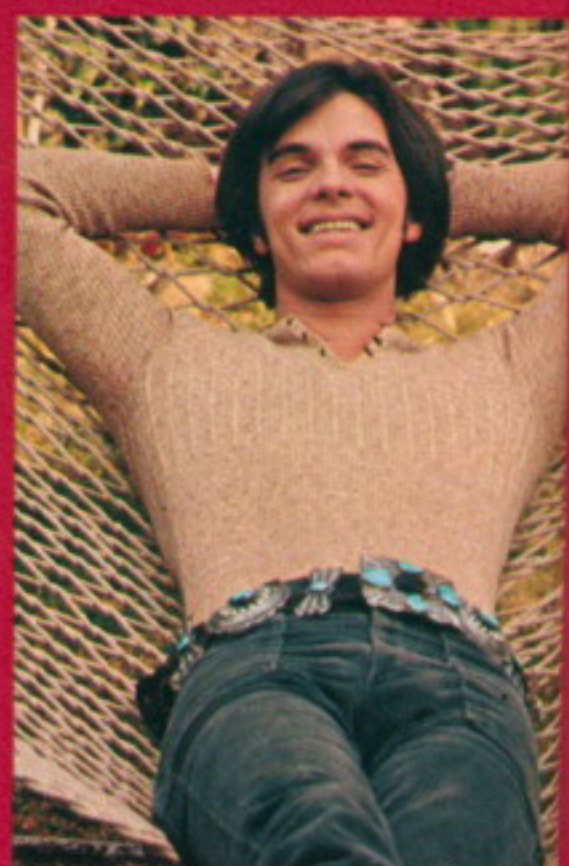
UNCOVERED: You saw these four girls first in PLAYBOY pictorials—soon followed by screen success. We introduced Valerie Perrine (above) of *Slaughterhouse-Five* and *The Last American Hero*; Dayle Haddon (top right) of Disney's *The World's Greatest Athlete*; Angel Tompkins (below right) of *Prime Cut*, *How to Seduce a Woman*, *Little Cigars* and *The Don Is Dead*; and Tiffany Bolling (below) of *Bonnie's Kids*, *Wicked*, *Wicked* and *Candy Snatch*.





SUPERBAD: Leading the pack of black heroes are ex-grid pros Fred Williamson and Jim Brown (below left and right), each in two releases for '73—*Black Caesar* and *Thunderbolt* for the former, *Slaughter's Big Rip-Off* and *I Escaped from Devil's Island* for the latter. Ron O'Neal reprised in *Superfly T.N.T.* (bottom left) and Richard Roundtree (bottom right) in *Shaft in Africa* and *Charlie One-Eye*, as well as in this season's new series televersion of *Shaft*.

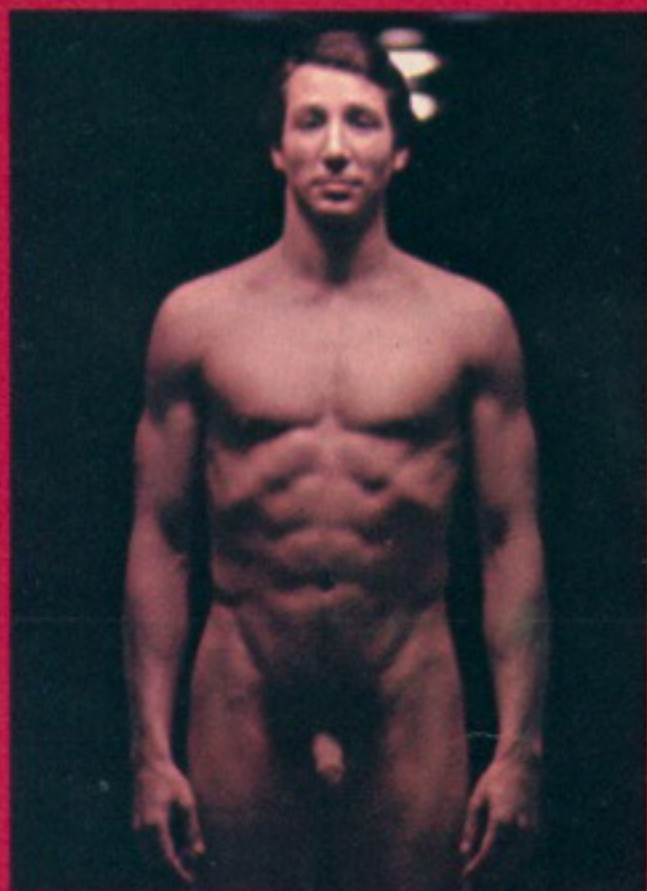




FAMILIAR "FACES": For the past several years, no collection of sex stars has been complete without Raquel Welch (above left) or Stella Stevens (above right). Nor did they let us down in 1973, with Raquel playing a Hollywood glamor girl in *The Last of Sheila* and Stella surfacing in *The Poseidon Adventure*. Coming next: Raquel in *The Three Musketeers*, Stella in *Arnold*. **A STAR IS PORN:** Blazing tails in hard-core (below) are *Behind the Green Door*'s Marilyn Chambers (left) and *The Devil in Miss Jones*'s Georgina Spelvin (right), seen here as Bathsheba in *Wakefield Poole's Bible*.



FLAMING YOUTHS: Hot prospects continue to rise from the ranks of the younger generation. Edward Albert (left) capitalized on a previous hit, *Butterflies Are Free*, with a subsequent one, *40 Carats*. Marisa Berenson (bottom left), Liza Minnelli's friend in *Cabaret*, stars in Stanley Kubrick's upcoming *Barry Lyndon*. For Victoria Principal and Johnny Crawford (center left and below), *The Naked Ape* provided their first starring roles. Before that, she had a minor one as Paul Newman's young mistress in *The Life and Times of Judge Roy Bean*, and his *The Inbreaker* is due soon.



FOREIGN IMPORTS: Two French actresses, Dominique Sanda and Maria Schneider (top and bottom right), made waves in their 1973 screen outings. Mlle. Sanda, one of the most torrid of last year's newcomers, demonstrated better than average staying power with *Night of the Flowers*, *Impossible Object* and *The Mackintosh Man*; Mlle. Schneider connected her first time out with the co-starring role in this year's most controversial—and erotic—picture, *Last Tango in Paris*. She's since kept the columnists speculating about her reportedly no less kinky offscreen life style.





John
Dempsey

"Just think, right now Momma is probably baking Christmas cookies, Poppa's putting up the tree, the twins are busy stringing popcorn and little Jimmy is trying to stay awake so he can see Santa Claus."



A PLAYBOY PAD:

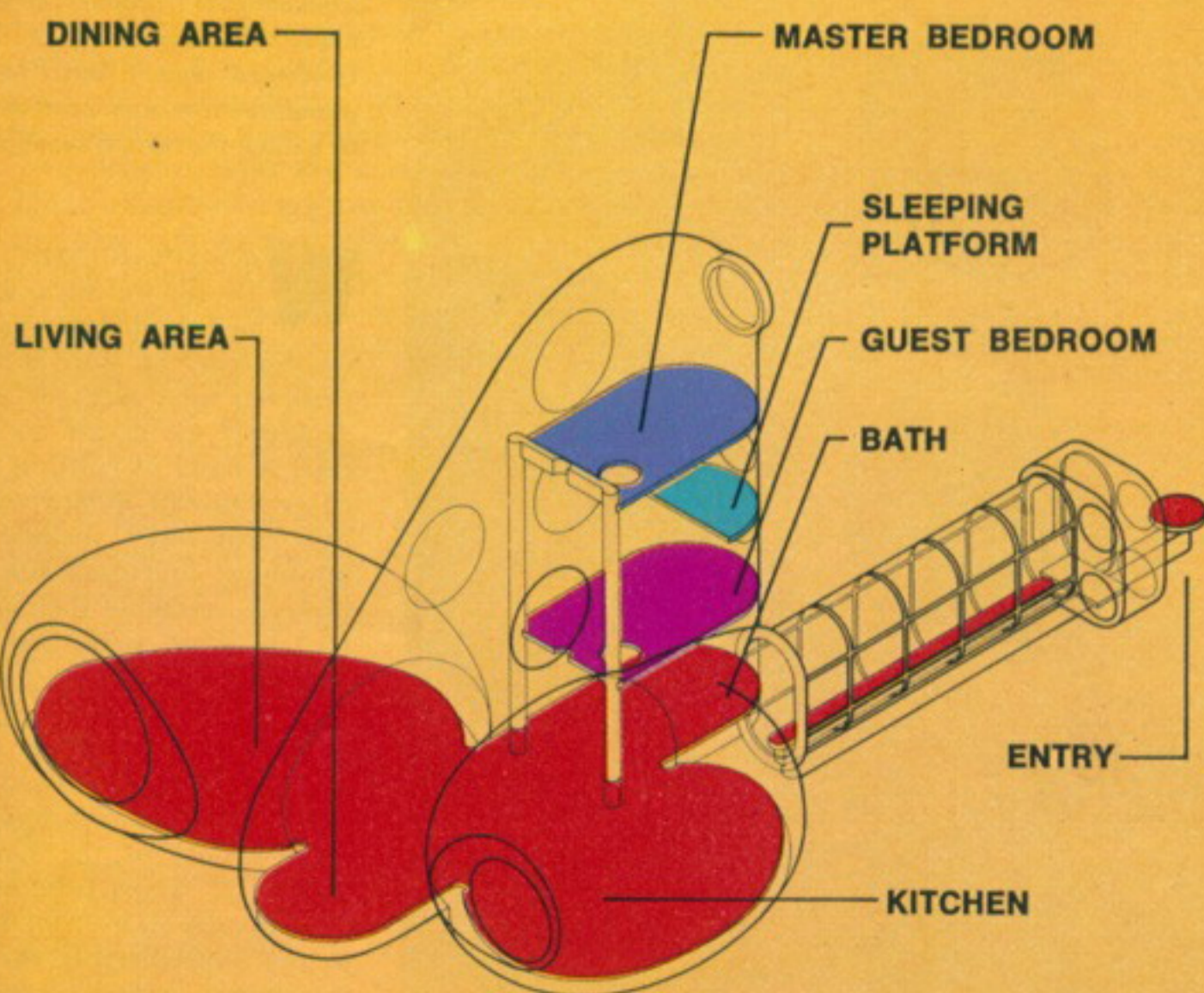
TEXAS TIME MACHINE

*three wildly innovative
young designers create a
“lunar module” retreat*



Above: At home in its setting—a peaceful, private lake near a large Texas city—the house exemplifies the organic forms made possible by the use of reinforced cement. Left: The round windows are placed so as to filter the intense sunlight.

WE CONGRATULATE the ant for his industry, toughness and organization; we also fear him, since he seems ready to take over the world whenever we decide to abdicate. A band of cultural guerrillas who call themselves the Ant Farm—they include philosophers, inventors and film makers—resemble their namesake in those attributes. This retreat of reinforced cement, on a private lake in Texas, is the creation of Ant Farmers Richard Jost, Chip Lord and Doug Michels—architects all. “The House of the Century 1972–2072” is its title, and it has a quality all its own, thanks to the unpredictably curvilinear design (which recalls the fantastic churches, parks and houses built by the Spanish surrealist Antoni Gaudí). The furniture is formed by the



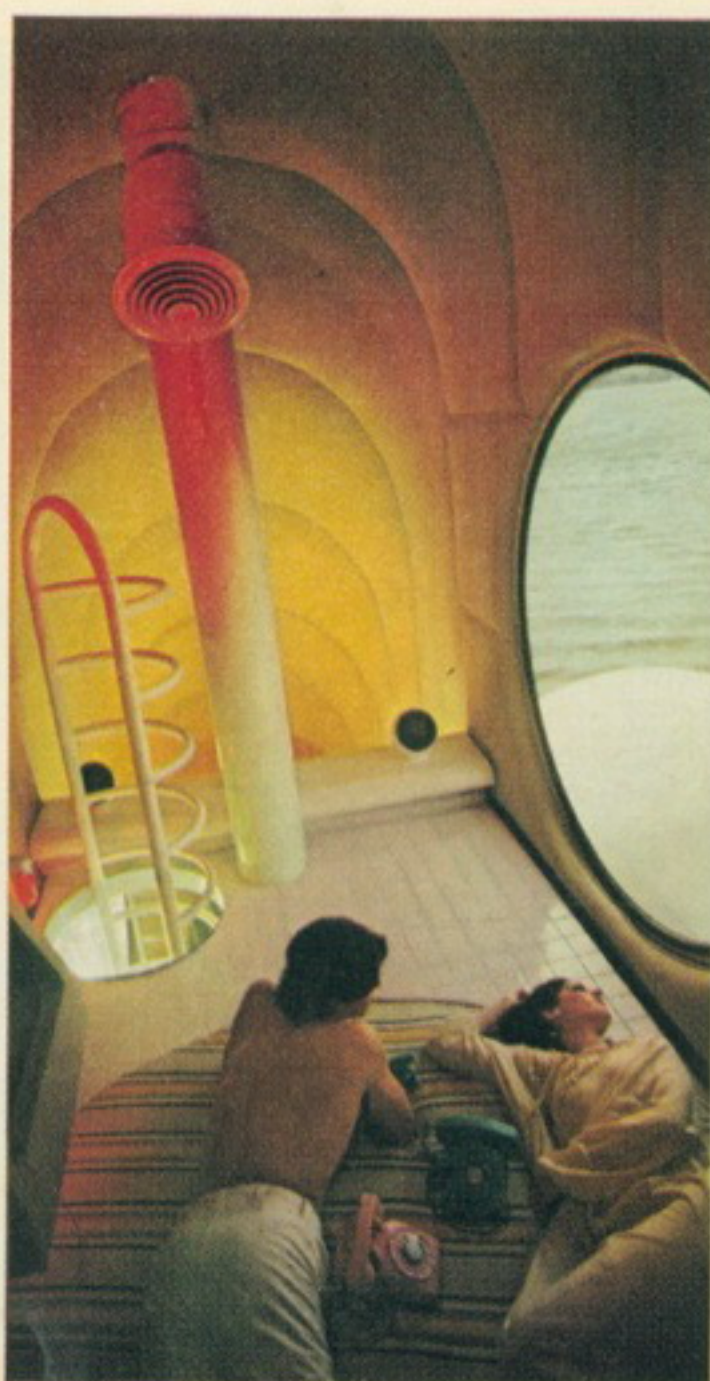
Top left: A pair of tall Texans pause at the entrance—a long, well-lit tube of Plexiglas and steel, whimsically adorned with a tractor seat (above). The cutaway drawing at left emphasizes the free-form approach taken by the architects, Richard Jost, Chip Lord and Doug Michels—all members of Ant Farm, a cultural commando group. There are no squares, no rectangles and no real circles, either—just the graceful, mobile forms that nature itself favors. The tower is visible from the wings, which, in turn, are visible from the bedrooms in the tower.

convolutions of the inner shell, which is molded of Plexiglas and laminated wood, hand-crafted, brilliantly colored and arranged around a central staircase. The functions of the house are concentrated in the tower; the work and play areas, in the two bulbous wings, sport a futuristic array of gadgets (a TV, for instance, is set right into the kitchen sink). A small moat, with algae and some baby crocodiles, encircles the interior. Entrance



Top: That object in the center, overhung by the upholstered arch of the ceiling, is the kitchen sink. It's made of handcrafted, laminated wood. The same material was used to make the sunken fireplace area and the dining-room table, which is visible to the right. Above: A head-on view of the fireplace. Right: Illuminated by windows that resemble phosphenes—the lights you see when you press on your closed eyelids—a couple relaxes in the living room.





Above: The dining area—in use. The sink, visible to the left, has a TV set mounted on it; that, plus the view through the window, makes dish doing less tedious than usual. Left: The bedroom surfaces are upholstered in vinyl, for reasons both acoustic and decorative; access is by means of the ladder. The bed, like the dining and kitchen facilities, is built in. Far left: The bathtub is also made of laminated wood; the pipes are transparent, making the flow of water visible. Opposite page: A time machine on a moonlit night.

to The House of the Century is through a tube of steel and no-glare Plexiglas, illuminated from below. If that all sounds like it was conceived while somebody was on a trip—well, that's how the dropout architects say they got their inspiration. But these guys know what they're doing: Jost, Lord and Michels not only designed the place, they did most of the labor themselves. As one guest observed, "It just goes to show what architects can do when they have no hang-ups about form." Or anything else.





PROFUSELY A ILLUSTRATED HISTORY of SEX

Its Ancillary Activities & a Lot of Other Things which Are Hard to Put a Finger On. by ARNOLD ROTH

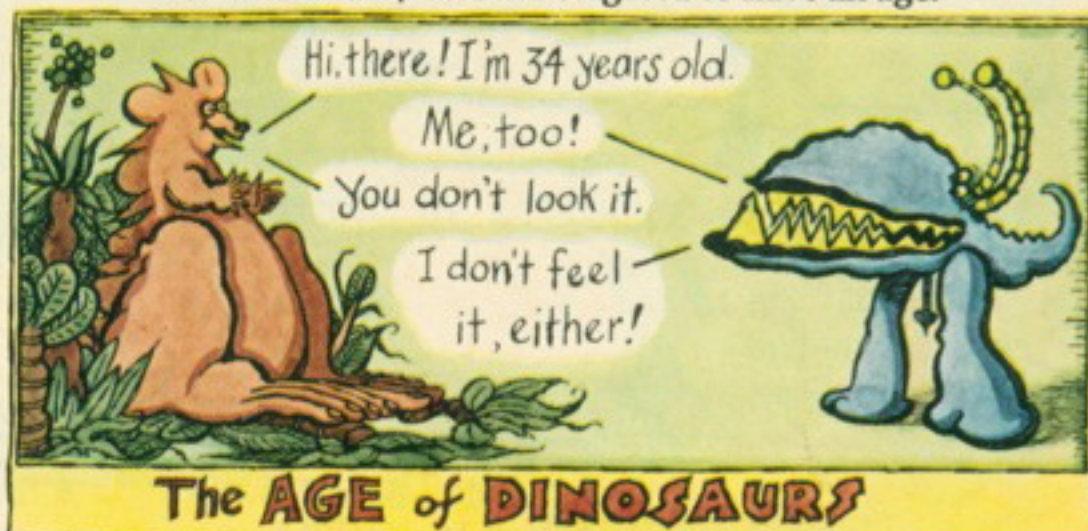


In the beginning there was nothing—a whole lot of it.

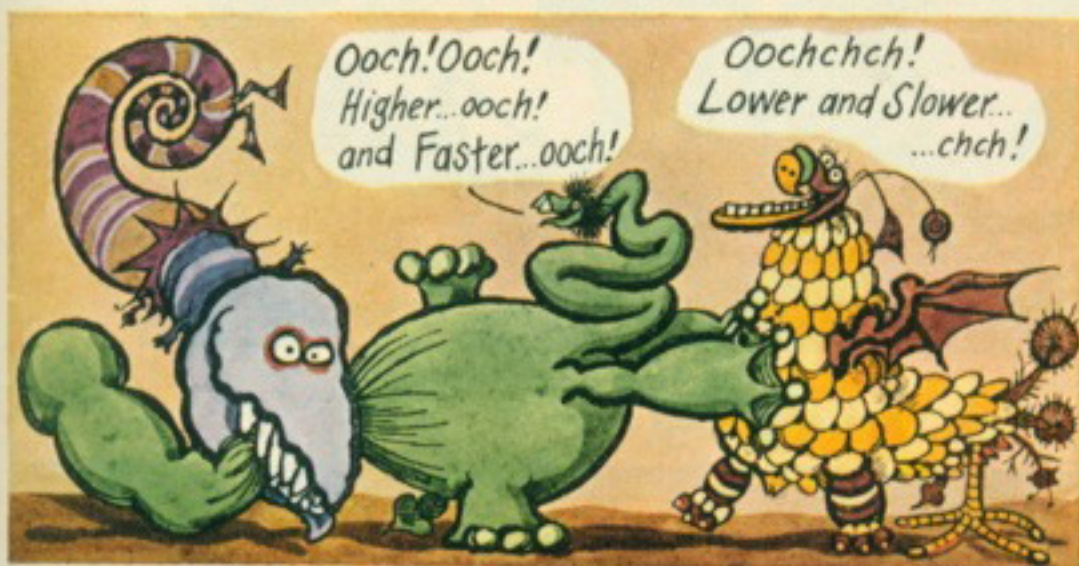


A Whole Lot of Nothing

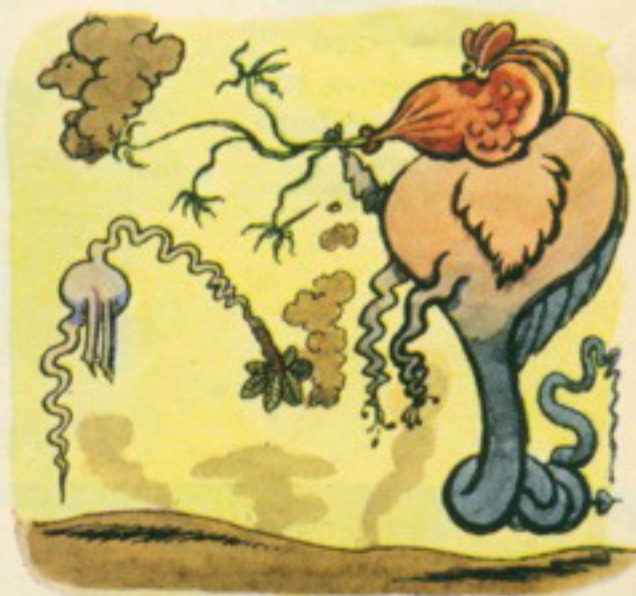
To fill the void, dinosaurs agreed to have an age.



Dinosaurs never performed sexual acts. They made do by fighting with each other.



They lived on grasses.



For kicks, they laid eggs, said dumb things and were dull company.



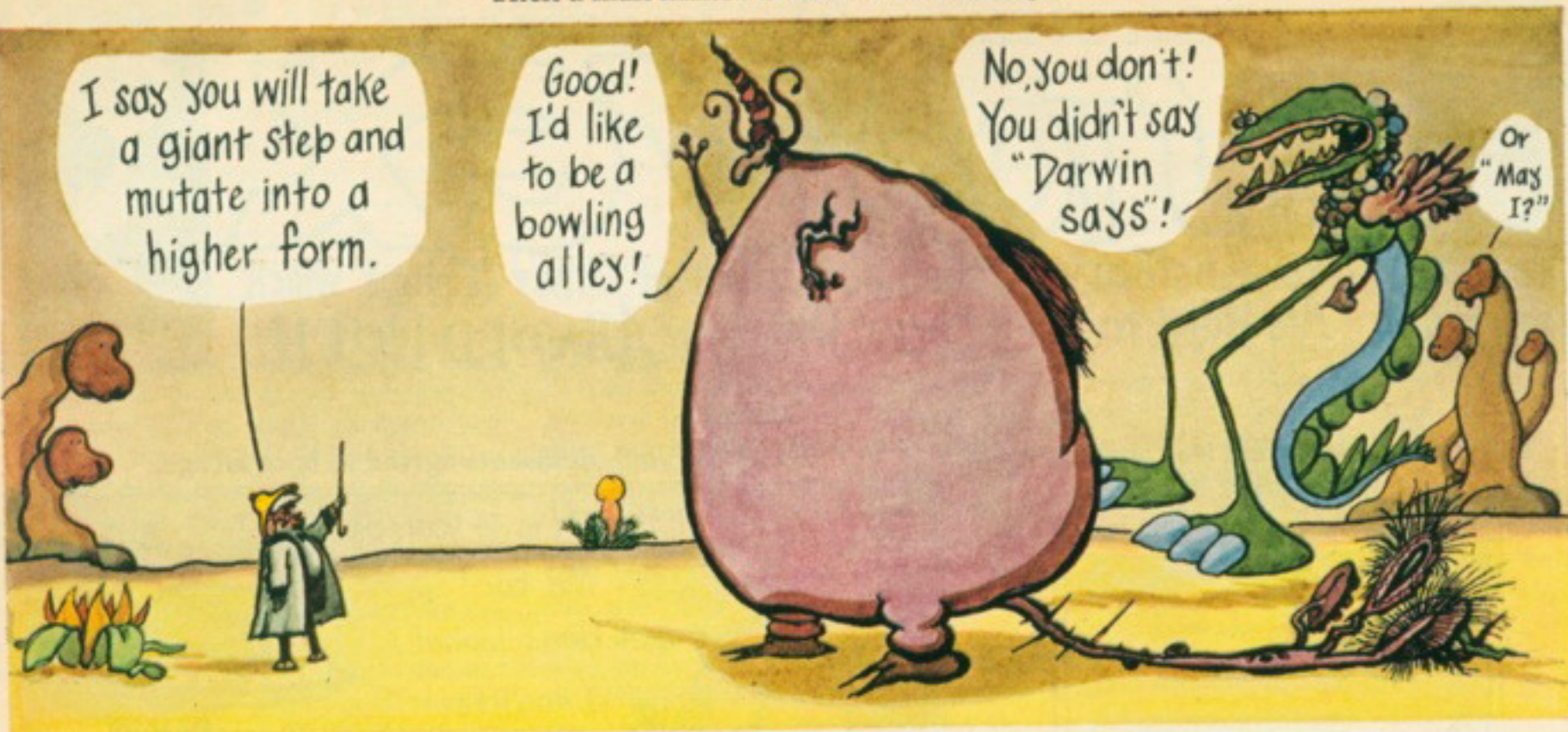
Then a man named Darwin had a theory.

I say you will take a giant step and mutate into a higher form.

Good! I'd like to be a bowling alley!

No, you don't! You didn't say "Darwin says"!

Or "May I?"



Dinosaurs weren't too affected by that news, so scatology was born, anyway.

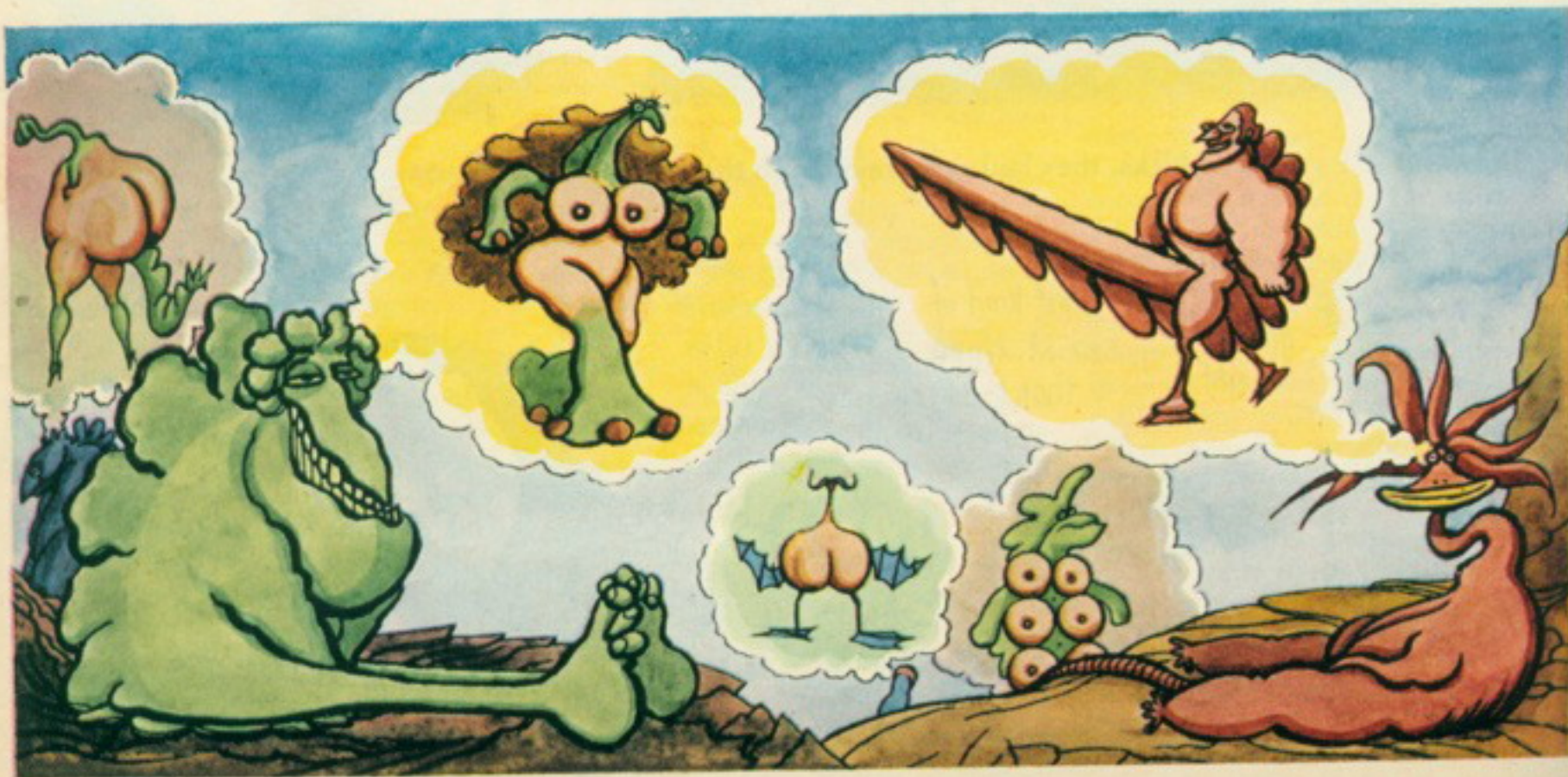
That Darwin is full of Merychippus shit!

A regular Moropus' ass!

Yeah! What a pee brain!



But the seed was sown, so to speak.



Dinosaurs never did discover sex and—though it was hard to tell the difference—they died off.

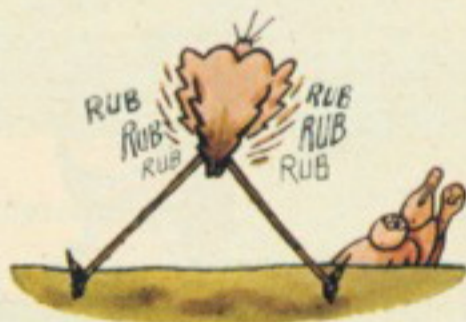


Cave men and others were the next with a chance to make the BIG DISCOVERY.

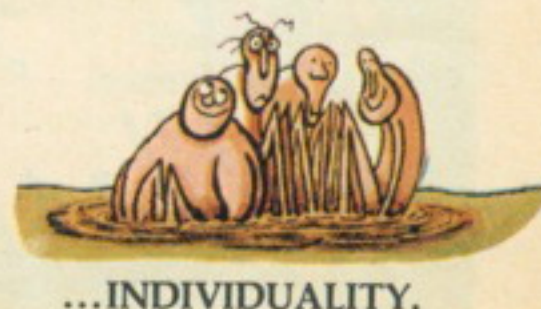


However, accidents and chance discoveries will happen.
A CHANCE DISCOVERY HAPPENING BY ACCIDENT

A cave man named Jhirque sat in a mud puddle. ...



As legend would have it, hair grew on Jhirque's palms, his brains turned to tapioca, his head hair fell out, etc., and, as with all who go it alone, many shunned him. But to him we owe the ~~discovery~~ of... mastery



...INDIVIDUALITY.

EQUAL-TIME DEPARTMENT

Some religionists believe sex was discovered in their own peculiar way. Their tale must be told and it is glossed over here in a sense of fairness.

A man named Adam lived in the Garden of Eden. He was lonely. The Garden of Eden had no mud puddles.



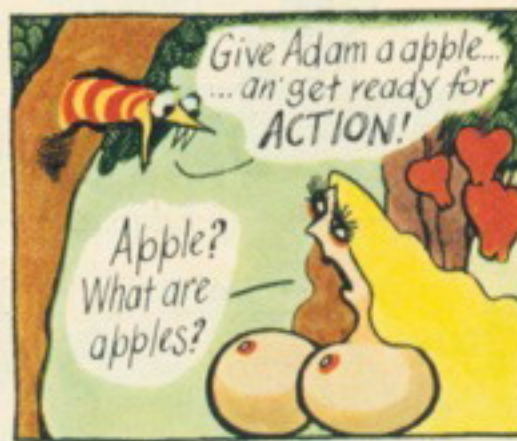
From his rib was made a companion and helpmeet named Eve.



One day, Eve verily thought she saw a snake come out of a tree.



The snake told Eve to verily give Adam an apple.



Eve verily gave Adam the apple.



And he did a verily bad thing.



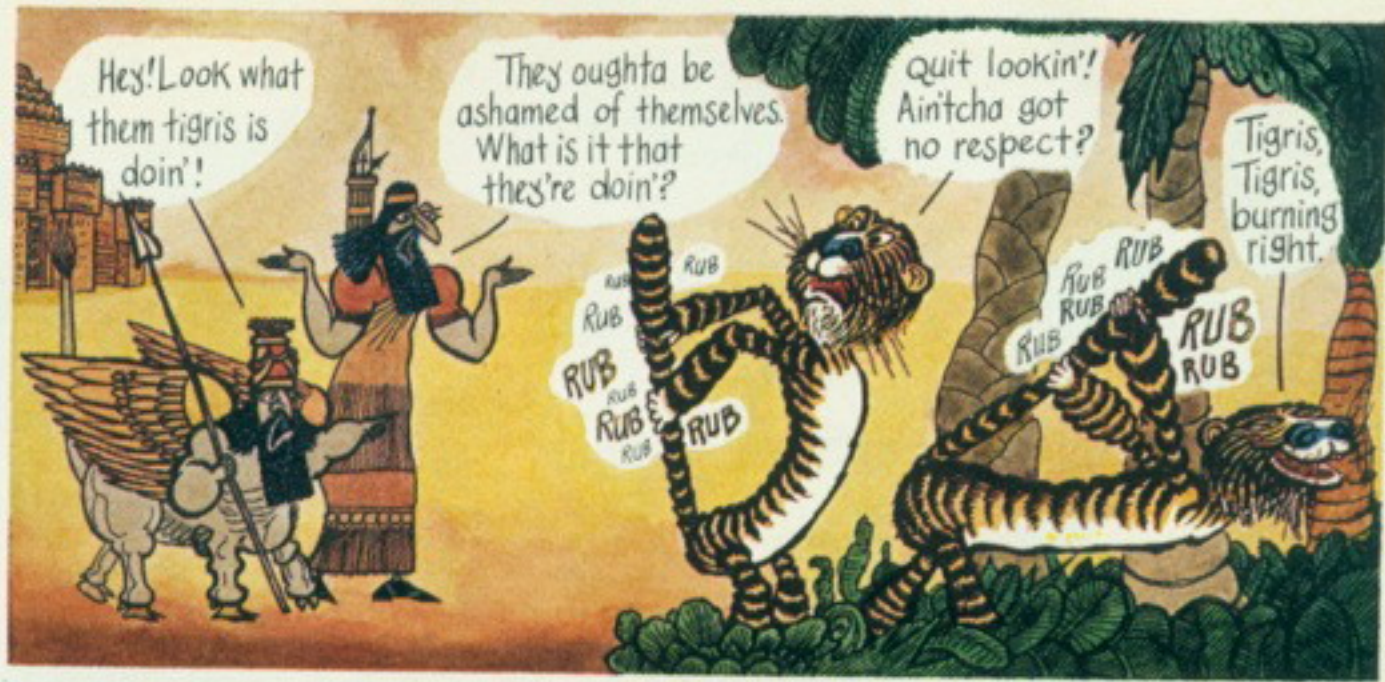
They were expelled from the Garden of Eden.



And they went to a motel and did verily good.



The start of what we have to call civilization dates from hunting Tigris on the Euphrates Rivers.



As always, education played a vital role in man's unending progression toward getting on with it.



But...



...a feeling...

...of something...

...left undone...

...remained foremost.



Which brings to a head the question:



Was necessity the invention of all mothers?



*"Boy, what a dream I had last night.
The Ghost of Christmas Yet to Come showed me
myself grown up, slaving at some
boring job to pay for crap like this for my kid."*



"I know! Let's wreak vengeance on the forces of evil!"

AMC HORNET HATCHBACK OPENS UP ALL KINDS OF POSSIBILITIES

The 6-cylinder Hornet Hatchback moves out like a sporty car. Handles like a sporty car. But saves on gas because it's an economy car.

Hatchback also gives you plenty of room to travel in. Holds two adults, three children and three suitcases. Or two people and a raft of luggage.

As for the price? You won't have any trouble fitting that in either.





"Wake up, Horace! You're tossing in your sleep again."



"I think we should be getting back before we're missed."



"Those of you who may be hijackers are warned that this is a fully automated flight. There is no pilot, copilot nor navigator, and I myself am a wax dummy."

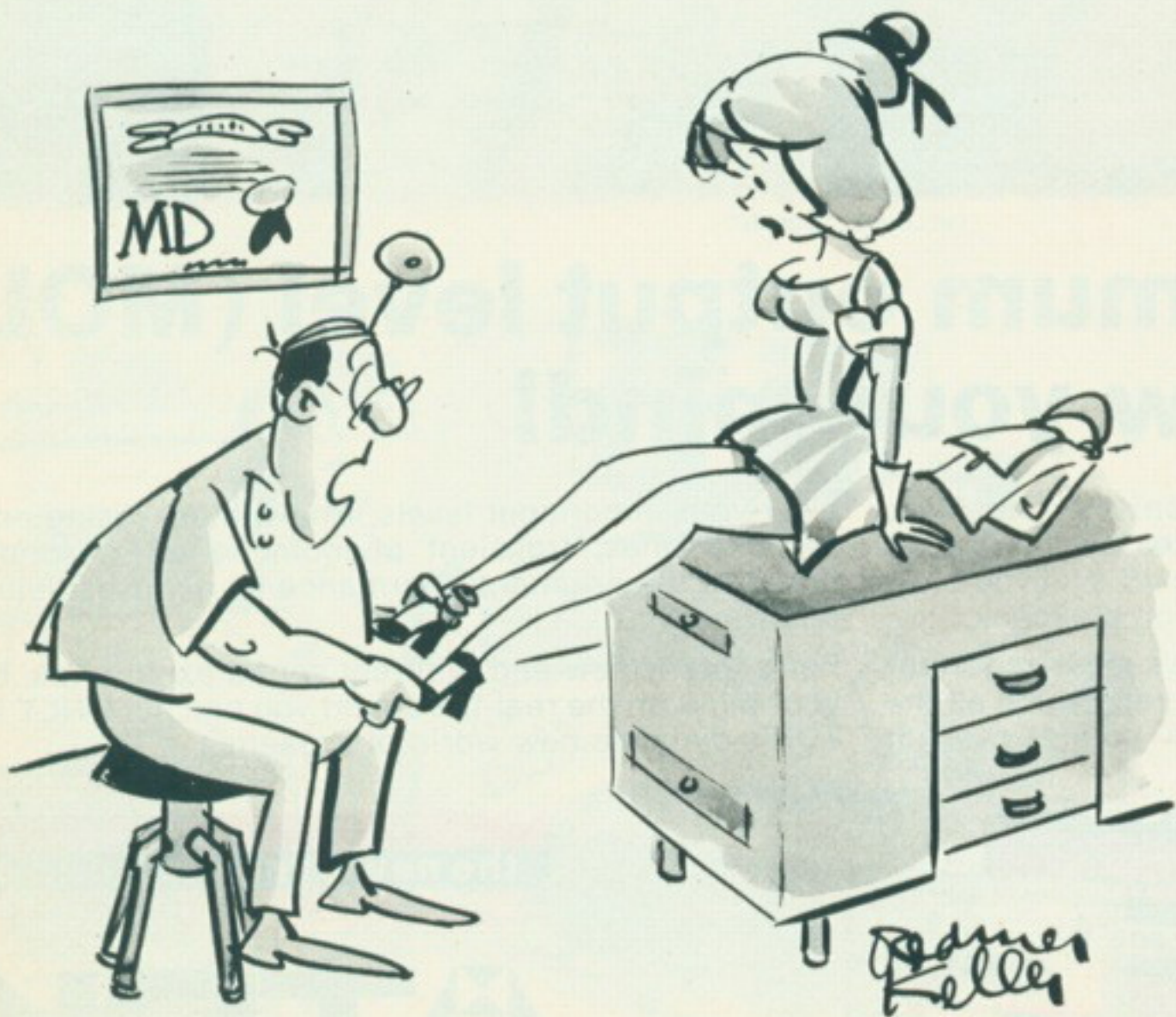


"It's just that we think you ought to get that
box of yours seen to, Pandora."



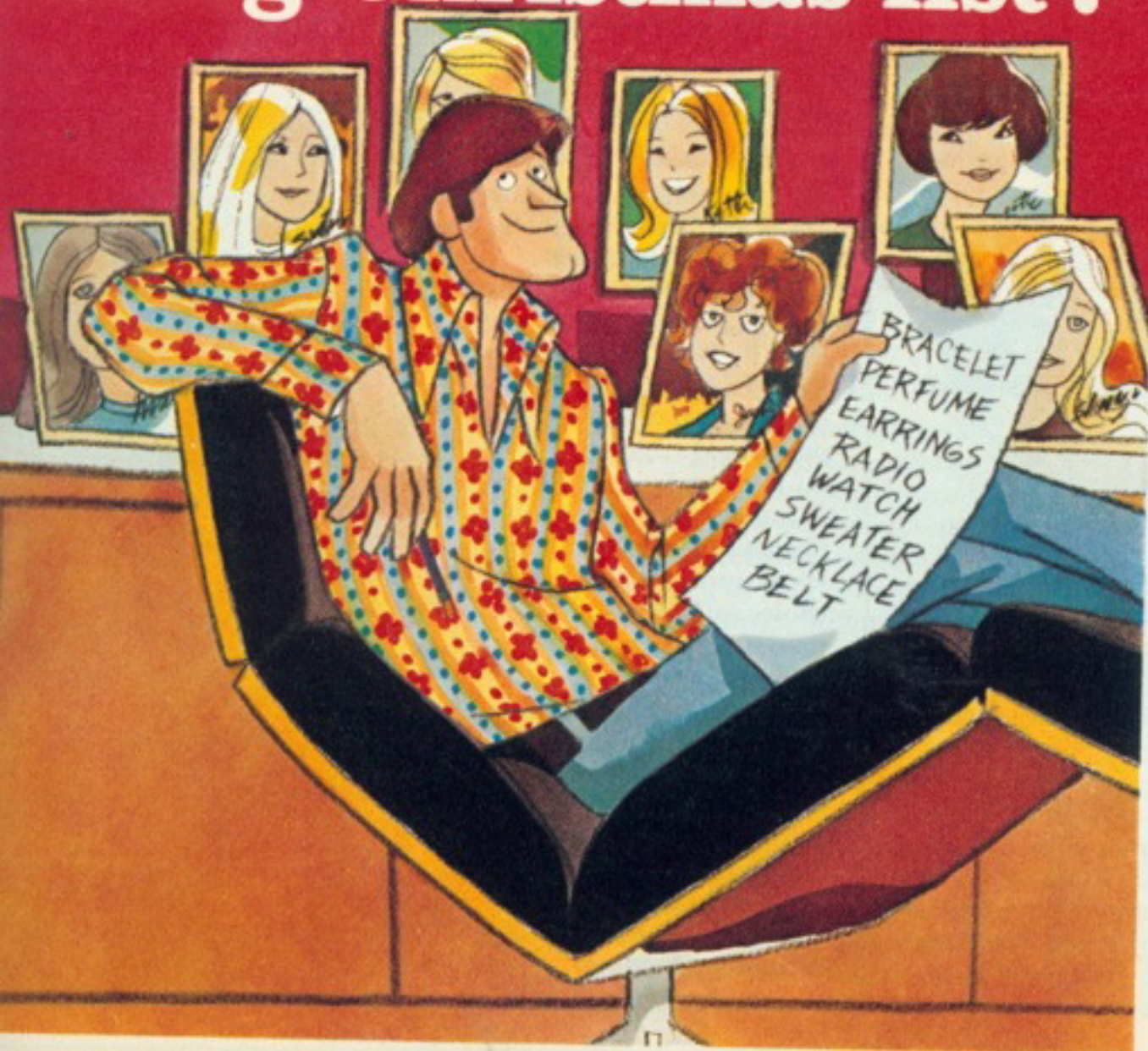
Benson

"I'm putting on Ravel's 'Bolero'—think you can keep up?"



*"Your streetwalking days are over.
Your arches are gone."*

Long Christmas list?



RELAX YOU'VE GOT MASTER CHARGE

Helen. Lorraine. Jackie. Evelyn. Sue. Ginger. Bunny. Mary Lee. Alice. Meg. The Master Charge card is good in more places across the country than any other card. And, if you like, you can stretch out your payments. Merry Christmas.

master charge

THE INTERBANK CARD



PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



CLAP HANDS, HERE COMES CHARLIE

There he is, rolling around on roller skates, taking a tumble in *Modern Times*. It's vintage Chaplin and it's only one of 15 masterpieces in both 16mm and 35mm that are available on a rental basis (rates vary, depending on whether or not you charge admission) from RBC Films, 933 N. La Brea Avenue, Los Angeles, California. Other rarities include *A King in New York*, *Monsieur Verdoux*, *The Great Dictator*, *The Circus*, *The Idle Class* and a forthcoming Peter Bogdanovich-Bert Schneider documentary, *The Life Work of Charles Chaplin*. Be assured they're the reel thing.



QUICK KICK

The French, they are a funny race; they fight with their feet and, well, you know the rest. And the French have come up with what probably is the best football game built, René Pierre's competition model, available from its American distributor, Peabody's Inc., Box 163, Virginia Beach, Virginia, for \$495 plus shipping. (Football, for all you hermits, is a terrific table game where players attempt to maneuver a ball into an opponent's goal via the use of miniature soccer men on rods.) René Pierre's features telescoping rods, spring shock absorbers and rugged construction. You'll get a kick out of it.



FARAWAY LOOK

With *everyone* carrying Vuitton luggage these days, God knows there's got to be something else around that will still impress all those airport security people. There is. Period luggage stickers from the Twenties, Thirties and Forties that the Nostalgia Factory in Crazy Eddie's Game Centre (2022 Peel Street, Montreal) is selling for 50 cents each or 12 for five dollars. You can pay your money and take your chance or request a specific establishment: Shephard's in Cairo, perhaps, or even the Hotel Winthrop in "the heart of the evergreen playground," Tacoma. Now, *that's* class.

WILD AND WOOLLY

To paraphrase that old Roger Miller lyric, you may not be able to roller-skate in a buffalo coat, but now at least you can buy one. The Black Hills Buffalo Coat Company, Box 131, Keystone, South Dakota, has a variety of shapes and sizes for sale, from ski-jacket styles at \$340 to full-length yet lightweight models at \$495. (It will even customize your choice with \$15-each solid-silver buttons and a velvet quilt lining. You can also order unlined 8'x10' rugs at \$175 or lined ones at \$250.) Lastly, all you conservationists can calm down, as the buffalo is no longer an endangered species, and we're not buffaloeing you about that, pardners.



SEALS OF APPROVAL

To everyone's relief, the annual slaughter of harp seals in the Gulf of St. Lawrence has been suspended—and will stay so, *provided* tourism replaces some of the revenue lost by this grisly practice. So this spring, Hanns Ebensten Travel in Manhattan is offering four-day, \$495 round trips by air from Montreal to view the pups in their natural habitat. Join up!



HIGH HORSE

Christmas toys are traditionally found *under* the tree. But here's one that will dwarf just about anything, assuming you can get it in your door. It's an 11' x 7' hand-carved pine rocking horse that's available from Ken Bright (8 Point House, 18 West Grove, Greenwich, London S.E. 10, England) for only \$3735 plus shipping. Thoughtful givers, of course, will include a stepladder as part of the surprise.



INNIES AND OUTIES

The belly button is a truly wondrous thing—man's only common birthmark. Why, if it weren't for the belly button, you couldn't even be sure you were born. Jewelry designer Eric Marlow appreciates this and has cast a navel in solid bronze and made a belt buckle out of it, which he sells for \$15. If by some quirk of fate you're not a b.b. freak, try a bronze-on-sterling nipple medal, \$45. (Both from Box 28224, Columbus, Ohio.) And if by some slight chance you're neither, go bite a dog, you prevert.



MORE DIRTY WORK

Yes, violence buffs, relief is in sight, courtesy of Warner Bros., from all the good-will-to-men jive that you'll soon be getting from street-corner Santas. This month, Clint Eastwood as hard-nosed Dirty Harry is scheduled to ride again through the crime-packed alleys of San Francisco. His vehicle this time is *Magnum Force*, so-named for the trusty .44 Harry prefers never to be without. Hal Holbrook co-stars as Harry's disgruntled superior in crime prevention, Ted Post directs and the script is from a story by John Milius. Ka-chow!

CUTTING THE CORD

If Ma Bell's latest model doesn't keep you in touch with enough people, take note: A completely cordless telephone, which sells for \$350 postpaid, has been developed by Hugel International (625 Ellis Street, Mountain View, California). It operates via a base unit transmitter that plugs into your phone jack and a 110-volt outlet. Then you just raise the antenna on the battery-powered rechargeable push button shown at right and stroll wherever you please—or even float about your pool—provided you stay within 200 feet of the transmitter. Hello, sweetie, come on over, the water's . . . glub.



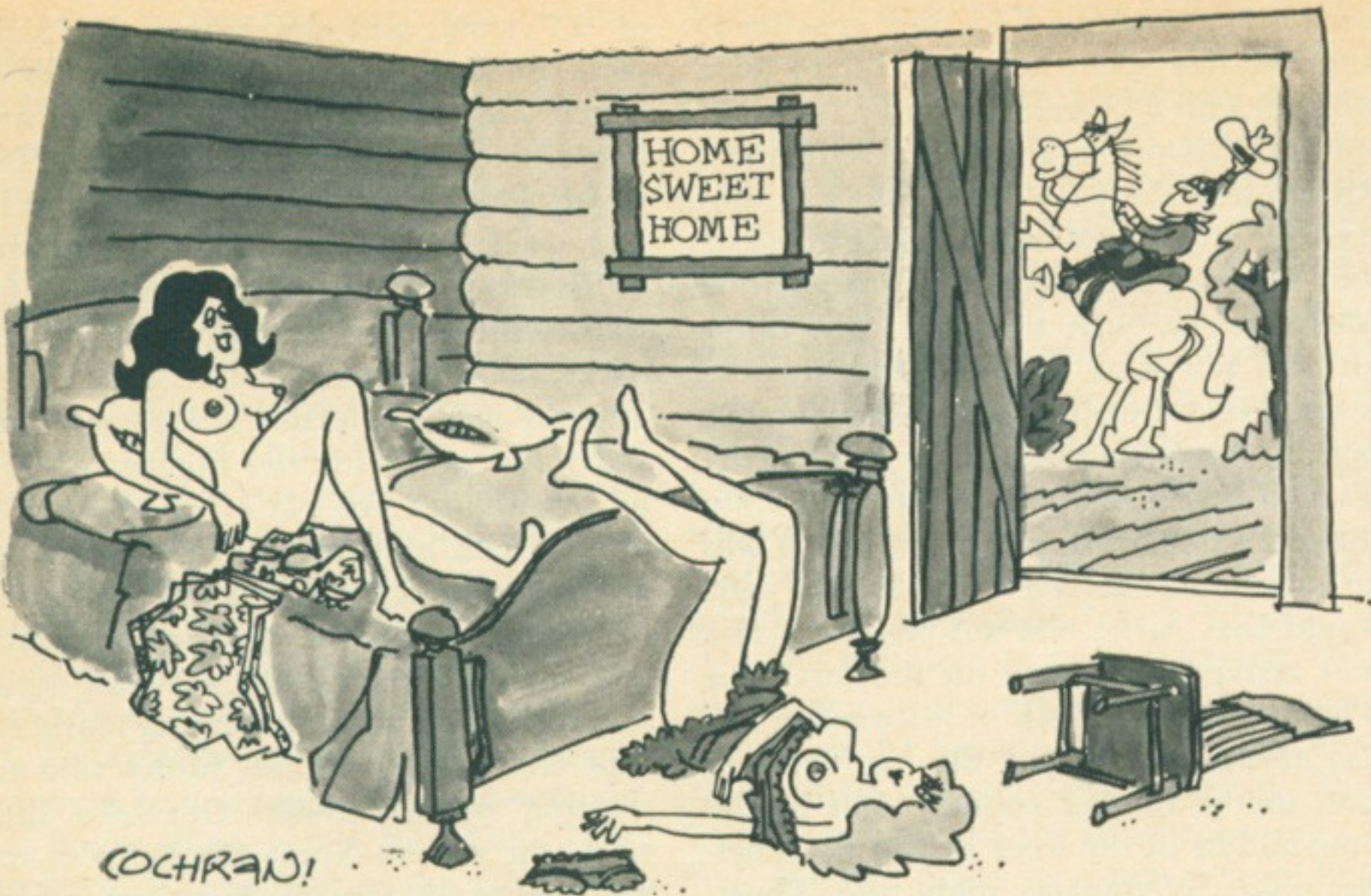


Interlandi

"You're jolly, Nick, but you ain't no saint!"



"You didn't just make silly jokes, no, sir! You really gave us something to think about."



"Who was that masked man? I wanted to thank him."



"For Mr. Bakst, Christmas is still a pagan festival."



*"I dunno. Can we arrest him if it's his own home
and his own wife?"*



"It was really for Mrs. Culpepper in 23C, but what the hell."

SPECIAL ISSUE \$1.50

NEXT MONTH:

PLAYBOY'S GALA 20TH-ANNIVERSARY HOLIDAY ISSUE

SAUL BELLOW RELATES THE SERIOCOMIC ADVENTURES OF AN AUTHOR AND A FREAKY, SECOND-ECHELON HOOD: **"HUMBOLDT'S GIFT"**

VLADIMIR NABOKOV OFFERS A HORNY BUT CRIPPLINGLY SHY YOUNG MAN THE CHANCE TO GIVE THE DEVIL HER DUE, IN **"A NURSERY TALE"**

HUGH M. HEFNER, THE FOUNDER OF IT ALL, TALKS ABOUT HIS LIFE, LOVES AND HOPES FOR THE FUTURE OF HIS PUBLISHING-AND-ENTERTAINMENT EMPIRE IN AN EXCLUSIVE (NATURALLY) **PLAYBOY INTERVIEW**

SEAN O'FAOLAIN SPINS A YARN ABOUT A GALLIC DIPLOMAT OVERWHELMED BY AN IRISHWOMAN: **"DÜRLING, OR THE FAITHLESS WIFE"**

JOHN UPDIKE CONTRIBUTES A BITTERSWEET TALE ABOUT LOVE AND DIVORCE AND BRINGING UP LITTLE GIRLS, IN **"NEVADA"**

BRUCE JAY FRIEDMAN GOES TO THE CARIBBEAN AND JUST MAYBE WISHES HE HADN'T, IN **"HAITI, GOODBYE"**

ROBERT MORLEY ALSO TAKES A TRIP, BUT HIS IS BETTER. ARMED WITH FLY WHISK AND FALSE BRAVADO, HE CONQUERS THE DARKEST CORNERS OF AFRICA, IN **"MR. MORLEY, I PRESUME"**

GARRY WILLS REVEALS HOW THE SILENT MAJORITY BECAME ANOTHER OUT-GROUP, IN **"THE SIXTIES—IMMIGRATING TO NOWHERE"**

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, NOTED ECONOMIST, POINTS AN AC-CUSING FINGER AT THE REAL CAUSES OF THE DOLLAR DILEMMA, IN **"A LAYMAN'S GUIDE TO MONETARY CRISES"**

O'CONNELL DRISCOLL DESCRIBES THE TRAVELS AND TRAVAILS OF A 47-YEAR-OLD COMIC, IN **"JERRY LEWIS, BIRTHDAY BOY"**

ART BUCHWALD EXPOSES THE INSIDIOUS NEW MORAL ROT THAT'S EATING AWAY AT THE VERY FIBER OF MIDDLE AMERICA: **"CAN TENNIS SWAPPING SAVE YOUR MARRIAGE?"**

MARSHALL BRICKMAN CONCOCTS AN OUT-THE-WINDOW SEXUAL BE-HAVIOR QUIZ: **"IS IT NICE TO HAVE SEX WITH A BRUSSELS SPROUT?"**

MORTON HUNT TREATS THE SAME SUBJECT SERIOUSLY, IN **"SEXUAL BEHAVIOR IN THE 1970S," PART IV: EXTRAMARITAL SEX**

RICHARD HAMMER STAYS HOT ON THE COPS-AND-ROBBERS TRAIL WITH A REPRISE OF THE LUCKY LUCIANO-DUTCH SCHULTZ MID-THIRTIES, IN PART VI OF **"PLAYBOY'S HISTORY OF ORGANIZED CRIME"**

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